Week ending February 9 1952 Every Wednesday Fourpence

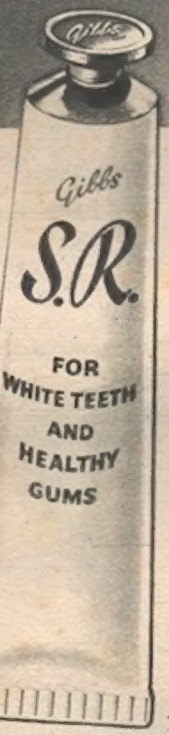
JOHN BULL

My Russian wife's heartbreaking letters

by WILLIAM RICKITTS

Exclusive first publication

FOOLISH *neglects* GUMS!



Teeth want whiteness—but . . .

white teeth are not always *safe* teeth, because more teeth are lost through gum troubles than through decay.

★ *S.R. guards against gum troubles. It contains sodium ricinoleate, which dentists use for gum treatment.*

★ *An S.R.-healthy mouth means teeth sparkling white, gums firmly healthy, breath fresh and wholesome.*

★ *It's wise economy to buy* large-*size S.R. and wise cleaning to brush teeth and gums with S.R.— the way your dentist tells you.*

S.R. *KEEPS TEETH WHITE AND GUMS HEALTHY*

GR 248-618

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2/9

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COAL! 180 million tons carried each year — for heavy industries, lighting, cooking and heating, fuel for the manufacture of countless articles for the export drive and domestic use.

To cope with the gigantic and urgent task of transporting fuel and other freight, amounting to some 300 million tons annually, British Railways are having to divert train crews from passenger to freight services. Yet nearly 1,000 million passengers a year must also be served — and this despite a severe staff shortage.

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

Top of the tree

WHO WILL BE taking on the big jobs of trade and industry in ten, twenty, thirty years' time? Lord Beveridge, the great social planner, fears a shortage of leadership.

"In the old days of individual wealth which one could pass on to one's children, much of the leadership of the country was determined automatically," he said in a recent broadcast. "Where will leadership come from now in an economically flattened society?

"Our leadership in Britain, in so far as it has been good, has depended not simply on personal qualities but on tradition. We have somehow to carry on an aristocratic tradition in Britain without the aristocrats."

VIEWS may differ on the "aristocratic tradition"—but no one will dispute the idea that we must produce capable leaders if the country is to make progress.

For its future wellbeing and prosperity, Britain must turn out men of forceful personality with first-class brains and unlimited energy: men—or women—who can galvanize great enterprises and launch worthwhile projects.

Such people may spring equally well from Lord Beveridge's "economically flattened society" as from a social hierarchy, provided the clock is not put back in education, and reactionary ideas are held at bay.

EDUCATION — especially higher education—is the key to producing plenty of people capable of tackling responsible jobs. Often is it said of an only moderately successful man: "He'd have been first-rate if only he'd had a better chance as a boy."

The importance of the fullest possible education has been shown by the results of the extra year at school since the leaving age was raised from fourteen to fifteen. Many employers report that fifteen-year-old recruits to industry are brainier and more responsible than were the fourteen-year-olds.

Certainly they have a better chance of developing into leaders and they are less at the mercy of chance and the topsy-turviness of our industrial system.

A survey of what happened to 1,300 boys who left school in Glasgow when fourteen years old disclosed that only half of them got into steady, progressive jobs and are now on the way to becoming good citizens. A quarter of them, lacking mental ballast, drifted through a series of casual jobs and often got into trouble. Fourteen in every hundred of these came before the courts.

THAT is a horrifying rate of loss of human material to the community. In some cases the very enterprise which might have driven them to success pushed them instead into bad ways.

The investigators reported that it is not solely home and social background that determines whether a boy drifts or drives. Clearly what matters most is opportunity and training in youth.

The way to find Britain's future leaders is to give everybody the educational opportunity to show whether he can benefit from still further training—and then to give that further training without stint.

HERE the key factor is the scholarship. Today more than 60,000 students out of 82,000 at the universities, three times as many as before the war, receive some degree of financial aid. This costs £4,000,000 a year, but it is probably the best investment of its size that this nation has ever made.

There are several types of scholarship, and they are, on the whole, sensibly graded to meet students' needs and to supplement what their parents can afford to pay.

WHAT is wanted is still more scholarships to ensure that no promising boys and girls remain in a backwater through lack of money and opportunity.

It would be foolish if, even under the pressure of the present desperate economic crisis, Britain mortgaged her future brains by slashing the amount she spends on developing them. For our industry, research and craftsmanship are vital in beating the crisis, and their progress depends on leadership developed, not merely by technical training, but by higher standards of all-round education.

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Your BEST Protection in the WORST of weather!

HOME to a cosy fire and a warming, reviving cup of 'Ovaltine'! It's a comforting thought on a cold, wintry evening. How surely this delicious beverage cheers and fortifies the 'inner man'. It helps to restore vitality and strengthen resistance—your *best* protection against chills and winter ills.

A cup of 'Ovaltine' before going out and when coming in, is a wise winter rule for every member of the family. Remember that 'Ovaltine' differs from other food beverages in its nutritive properties and scientific composition. The use of eggs in 'Ovaltine' is important, and so is its vitamin content.

Supremely good as it is, 'Ovaltine' is most economical in use. That is why more and more people are drinking 'Ovaltine' every day. *It costs so little—it gives so much.*

OVALTINE TABLETS
—for eating—

Never go far from home, walking or cycling, without a supply of 'Ovaltine' Tablets. They possess the sustaining and energizing qualities of 'Ovaltine', and are widely popular with athletes, cyclists and travellers.

In two sizes: 8d. *and* 1/3

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/6, 2/6 *and* 4/6 *per tin.*

Build up your Resistance with

Ovaltine

QUALITY *has made* **OVALTINE**
the World's most popular Food Beverage
-and the World's Best Nightcap

P.826A

February 9, 1952 · VOL. 91 No. 2380 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

Happy Days

when healthy kidney action has rid you of rheumatic pains, backache and urinary troubles.

MISCHIEF soon starts when the action of the kidneys slackens and permits excess uric acid and other harmful impurities to remain in the blood.

Possibly you feel tired, miserable and depressed; your back aching, muscles and joints stiff and sore. You may be bothered by lumbago, rheumatic pains or the common urinary disorders due to sluggish kidney action.

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Thousands of healthy men and women testify that this well-known kidney medicine has rid them of these trying ailments. *Why not let Doan's do the same for you?*

1/7, 3/9½, 6/4. *Ask your chemist for*

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

A CLEAN CHIMNEY

FOR 9D.

NO FUSS—

—NO MESS—

—NO BOTHER

Simply place a packet of Imp on the fire and the soot is chemically destroyed. Simple, safe and effective. Famous for 50 years, Imp Soot Destroyers from hardware, domestic and chain stores everywhere

IMP SOOT DESTROYERS

ARE YOU GROWING NERVY AND DEPRESSED?

Depression often comes from a nervous system starved of Vitamin B. There is only one way to remedy it. Increase the Vitamin B content of your food.

The simplest way is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. It is simply pure yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients. Yeast is the **richest natural source of all the B vitamins.** You will be amazed at the result. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way.

At all Chemists.

50 *Tablets* 1/6, 150 *for* 3/6, 300 *for* 5/9

FREE SPEECH

The big-room home means a different life

WHEN I WAS IN CANADA before the war, I lived in a house designed on the "one large living-room" principle which the Government is now suggesting for the People's House in Britain. These houses were cheap and easy to build and the spaciousness was fine for many family activities.

But there were snags. Our house was matey—sometimes too matey. For example, it was difficult to study while my brothers were playing the radio. And when my fiancé visited me I used to think longingly of the old-fashioned English "front room." There are many advantages to these houses, but moving into one of them certainly involves a change in a family's way of life.—MRS. D. N., Manchester.

Seven-year Meat Plan

AS A PRACTICAL FARMER, I thought your editorial, "Meat For Tomorrow" (JOHN BULL, January 19), was the

Safer market needed?

soundest opinion I have yet read about the meat shortage. One way to grow more meat at home would be to guarantee farmers a reasonable return for pigs for seven years ahead. Tell them that the Government will buy every pig raised and fattened and import feeding stuffs instead of carcasses. If this was done, there would be a great increase in pig meat supplies within a year.—J. R. SIMMONS, Breadsell Farm, Battle, Sussex.

Weather Ship Battering

FIVE BATTERED MEN stepped ashore at a Greenock harbour. One had a black eye, another had his arm in a sling, a third was limping. I was curious enough to find out where they had come from. The answer was that they had just landed from one of Britain's weather ships, whose work is vital to many other countries as well as our own and goes on in any kind of weather, as these casualties prove. How often do we think of these men as we read the weather forecasts?—J. MCINTOSH, 16 Hope Street, Greenock.

Naughty Boy, 1952

RECENTLY, A GARAGE OWNER was telling me about a schoolboy whose favourite trick was to dodge into the forecourt of the garage when no one was about and turn on the water tap. While he was speaking the boy appeared and, not noticing us standing in the doorway, ran up to the tap to repeat his trick. The garage owner stepped forward and boxed his ears smartly and, caught off his balance, the boy fell and rolled over. He was soon on his feet and a dozen yards away when he paused, hesitated a moment, then returned and said in a forgiving tone to the astounded garage man: "It's all right, mister, I can take it. I won't split on you."—L. E. J., Kent.

Schools In Holland

VISITING ENGLAND DURING holidays from my work as a schoolmaster, I have made many English friends and am engaged to an English girl. To those people in Britain who are worried about their schools being overcrowded, it may be interesting to know that classes of fifty to fifty-five pupils are general in almost every town school in Holland, due to lack of teachers and shortage of schools. I, myself, am responsible for a class of fifty-seven.—P. VAN AS, 14 Valkenburgseweg, Katwijk-on-the-Rijn, Holland.

Loneliest Inn?

THIS INN WAS BUILT in 1737, and it was then the centre of a thriving village. But with the decline of the lead-mining industry the village has disappeared and now there is nothing left with the exception of the inn, an unused school and a few scattered farms. The nearest shop, post office or bus route is six miles away. We are in the heart of Yorkshire's wildest moors and must be England's most isolated inn.—J. IRVING, Green Dragon Inn, Hurst, Richmond, Yorks.

Where The Flies Go

ON A GOLF COURSE I found a deserted rook's nest which had been dislodged by the high winds. Out of curiosity I turned it over and found the answer to the question: where do flies go in the winter time? There were dozens in the nest, all dead, it seemed. But when I nudged them with a club there was an angry buzzing and flapping of wings. They were only asleep. — ERIC BALL, 2 Ontario Place, Leeds.

A Way To Hatch Eggs

HAVING DISCOVERED that one of my hens had left the eggs on which she had been sitting for three weeks, I took eight of them and put them in a box with straw underneath them and a further layer of straw on top. I put a hot-water bottle filled with warm water on top of the straw and a small blanket over that. I changed the water in the bottle every three hours during the day and at two o'clock and five o'clock during the night. In a week I had hatched five chicks, all pullets, which were successfully reared.—MRS. D. SCOTT, 15 Wellington Square, Oxford.

Tip For The Burglar

A FRIEND OF MINE keeps a small general shop. Every evening before he closes he leaves on the counter a bag containing all the silver from the till, usually about £5. This is for any burglar who might break in. The theory is that if the burglar finds some cash he will be

satisfied and clear out. If he doesn't, he will do more than £5 worth of damage.—H. DRYBURGH, 27 Comely Bank Street, Edinburgh.

Fun At The Dentist's

MY FIVE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER had toothache, so I telephoned the school clinic and was told to take her along. A smiling nurse greeted her by name and took her into the surgery. I sat in the waiting-room, expecting to hear her cry. Instead, I heard happy voices and chatter and some laughter. Ten minutes later, she was back, her tooth removed, waving a cheery goodbye to those in the surgery. — MRS. K. MEASURES, 6 School Lane, Narborough, Leicester.

Teacher Gives Up

I SYMPATHIZE WITH THE ACTRESS who cannot afford to act ("Free Speech," January 26). After fifteen years as a teacher, I have left my school to take up factory work. It was three years before I could make up my mind to take the plunge but I have no regrets now. I am free of the dreadful financial insecurity which teachers feel and can take part in leisure-time activities which I could never afford before.—TEACHER, Coventry.

Hint To Employers

BECAUSE HE HAD ASKED for time off to attend an interview when applying for another job, a friend of mine has been sacked by his employer. It seems to me that those who are anxious to interview candidates for a vacancy should arrange a time outside normal working hours.—CLERK, Aberdeen.

Wait Till It Stops

SITTING IN A TRAIN as it drew into a terminus, I noticed that one of the passengers had unlatched the door as the train slowed down. Caught by the wind, the door flew open violently. To my surprise, a man opposite announced that he was a railway official and would report the offender. I have since found that to release the lock during the slightest motion of the train is a punishable offence, although it is a very common practice among railway travellers.—MISS EILEEN BANFILL, 15 West Avenue, Heath End, Farnham, Surrey.

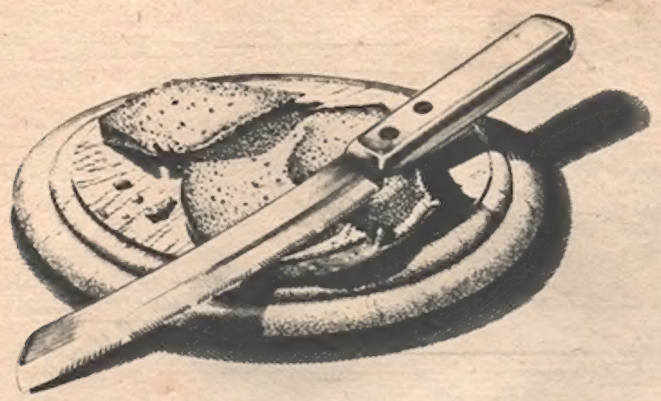
Flags With A Story

MANY THANKS for the interesting picture of men from the rescue tug *Turmoil* in the Chain Locker bar at Falmouth (JOHN BULL, January 26). I have spent many happy hours in this bar, with its ships in bottles, lanterns, bells and flags of many nations, each with a story to tell.—F. EDKINS, 20 Chain Walk, Lozells, Birmingham.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

DOUGLAS L. MAYS, who lives in Buckingham, says that just after Christmas the town swarmed with children wearing new cowboy outfits. It gave him an idea for another Cover Kids painting. Here they are, Texas Rangers all, out to get their man or bust.



Thank heavens I had some Elastoplast *in the house!*

A recent investigation shows that 9 out of 10 people who ask for a brand of first aid dressings prefer Elastoplast.

It's Elastoplast-icity you want in First Aid

Have a *GOOD RUM* for your money

Not long ago the navigator of this bomber was a young man in search of a career. He joined the R.A.F. He was proved to have an aptitude for flying duties and his mathematical bent decided him to train for navigator. Under the new Aircrew scheme, he was granted a commission on successful completion of his initial training. Today he is only 26 but he is a Flight Lieutenant earning more than £1,000 a year (including marriage allowance).

Ask yourself how many civilian jobs pay so well. Then write for the free booklet about life in the R.A.F.

Send for booklet today

TO: ROYAL AIR FORCE (J.B.31A), VICTORY HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

Please send details of life in the R.A.F. (Applicants from British Isles only)

(A) In the Air		(B) On the Ground	

(Tick which you require)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....AGE.....

** IF YOU ARE 14-17—AND KEEN—JOIN THE AIR TRAINING CORPS**

SWITZERLAND'S BEST DIRECT TO YOU

SHAVE and TRIM with the New Handy Swiss Made dandy

Under the 600-Holed Grille the self-sharpening blades **SHAVE** closer and quicker while **MASSAGING** and rejuvenating the skin.

The Clipper Head TRIMS in a jiffy moustache, side-whiskers, neck and **ERASES** any superfluous hair without discomfort; at last a real all-family barber.

DOUBLE HEADED ELECTRIC BARBER

A fine product of the makers of **RICHARD** *world-famous precision watches*

UNIQUE FEATURES ★ Precision AC/DC motor ★ No oiling, no radio interference ★ Your first shave will be so easy ★ 12 months Full Guarantee ★ Express Servicing

Price £6.17.6 or if all instalments are paid on due date it is yours for **8 monthly payments of 19/-**

PRICED AS LOW AS IN SWITZERLAND

SEND NO MONEY

DANDY SWISS SHAVER Ltd. (Dept. 64) 199 Regent St. London, W.1

Send me for 10 days free trial, One DANDY SWISS SHAVER cash price **£6.17.6** *(incl. P.T.).* In 10 days I will either purchase same on CASH/CREDIT terms *(underline choice)* as in your advertisement or return by registered post in good condition.

NAME.....
(Block letters)

ADDRESS.....

.....OCCUPATION.....

SIGNATURE ..... *Date*.....

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

You don't look a day older!

"It must be years since we met but you haven't aged a bit!"

"You're looking pretty good yourself. You've obviously gone ahead since I saw you last."

"Yes, thanks to you for giving me the tip to take Phyllosan tablets. Since then, I have had no trouble with my nerves or my digestion, and I have found it easy to maintain an optimistic outlook on life."

"Ah, I thought from the look of you that you must be another Phyllosan man. There's nothing like Phyllosan for fortifying the over-forties. I always maintain that that is one rule of life no man or woman over forty should ever neglect."

"Of course I know what you mean. Remember to take your Phyllosan tablets three times a day—and what a difference they make!"

PHYLLOSAN

fortifies the over-forties

by restoring digestive and metabolic tone
strengthening the nerves and increasing energy

Of all chemists, 3/8, 6/-, NEW 12/6 SIZE, and 22/4

In the end . . . in the natural process of trial and error . . . you will find and fully appreciate all the good reasons why this tobacco is called. . .

The choice of a lifetime

PLAYER'S MEDIUM
NAVY CUT TOBACCO

NCT 72 P

BEFORE YOU GET TO SNEEZING POINT! TAKE 'ASPRO'

Act early when a cold is coming on—don't wait for the sneezes. Everyone knows the first signs—languid, shivery feelings, a tickling in the nose and throat. 'ASPRO' **three-way action** will clear colds and 'flu right out. It dispels feverishness, soothes away the aches and pains and opens the pores to promote the skin action which helps to relieve you of the cold. 'ASPRO' is pure and safe—that's why its action is so startlingly swift and has no harmful after-effects.

NO drowsiness
NO undesirable after effect

BLITZ THAT COLD WITH THE 'ASPRO' *Three Way Attack*

HERE'S ONE IT STOPPED—THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF LETTERS LIKE THIS!

"I always keep a box in the house. If my husband or family feel a cold coming, they take 'ASPRO' and a hot drink on going to bed for a couple of nights and it breaks the cold up—"

Mrs. L. PRICE from Acton, W.3.

Prices: 5d. & 1/9

Made by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks

BY APPOINTMENT
WINE MERCHANTS
TO HIS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE VI

"Look who's here"

SANDEMAN

PORT & SHERRY

"You'll like it"

One good turn deserves another

"My favourite smoke is a lot like my favourite sport," says the ice skater. "It's cool . . . smooth . . . satisfying. You've guessed it—RIZLA. No other papers and no other machine give me such really professional results. Rizla cigarettes are cheaper too—*they last longer.*"

ROLL YOUR OWN WITH RIZLA

The World's Most Popular Cigarette Papers
The Famous Easy-action Machine

The seaman landed on the deck of the boat as neatly as a cat and crouched there, looking at the figure. "Blimey!" he croaked. "It's a girl!"

Daughter for the Captain

by F. E. KNIGHT

The skipper thought he'd seen just about everything—but this beat the band. A girl banging a gong in an open boat in mid-Atlantic!

HARMAN WAS FIFTY-FIVE. At sixty he would have to retire. Perhaps he would be ready for retirement by then; at fifty-five he was not. In that company fifty-five was voluntary retiring age, sixty was compulsory.

Harman was a bachelor. When he retired he would go to live with a married sister who did not want him, and who had always berated him for not marrying, or to a boarding house where he would be tolerated so long as he could pay the bills. A bright prospect either way.

"I'm young yet," he once told his chief officer. "I'd go on till I dropped if they'd let me." The chief officer had smiled sourly, thinking of his own overdue promotion.

But this night on the bridge in mid-Atlantic Harman did not feel young. He felt more like a hundred than fifty-five. It was the end of a week of continuous gales and now heavy rain, following the wind, was flattening the sea but so reducing visibility that Harman had to keep the ship's whistle blaring. One long blast every two minutes, the regulations said.

The third mate, shining in black oilskins, was hauling on the lever of the steam whistle and cursing Harman. Every member of the crew, especially those trying to sleep, was cursing Harman. There was more satisfaction in cursing a man than the weather.

Harman knew they were cursing him, and it did not help. He was tired and cold and the rain was seeping in at the collar of his oilskin.

The third mate reached for the whistle lever again and—"Wait!" Harman called. But the third mate did not hear and the whistle blared.

Perhaps it was as well. Harman thought he had heard something. Imagination was the devil. The blare of the whistle died to a wheeze and the third mate stamped his feet and rustled his oilskins. Harman barked: "Keep quiet!"

Faintly, so slight a sound that it might only have been a deepening of the noise of the rain, Harman heard it again. The third mate was rigid, his nose up to the wind like an animal scenting. "It sounded like—a gong," he ventured.

After the whistle had sounded again they heard, or felt, the throbbing of the gong.

"Port bow I think, sir," the third mate said; and Harman nodded and moved the pointer of the engine-room telegraph to "Stand-By."

Each time they heard it more distinctly than

Continued on page 24

ILLUSTRATED BY ROWLAND HILDER, R.I.

EXCLUSIVE FIRST PUBLICATION

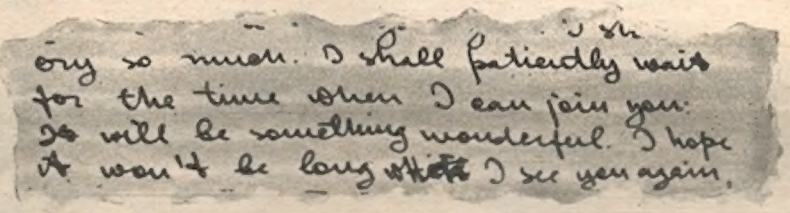
My Russian wife's heartbreaking letters

At first they were messages of love and faith when we thought that our separation would last only a little while. But we soon learned differently. Within six months she was writing: "Darling, I am so afraid" **by WILLIAM RICKITTS**

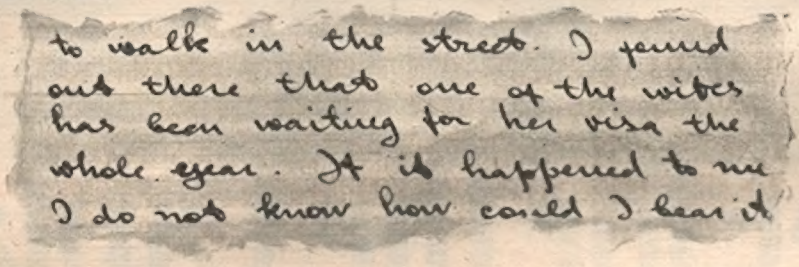
DIARY OF A FADING HOPE

Parts of Erenochka's letters to her husband during the months when the joy of anticipation was turning to horror and fear

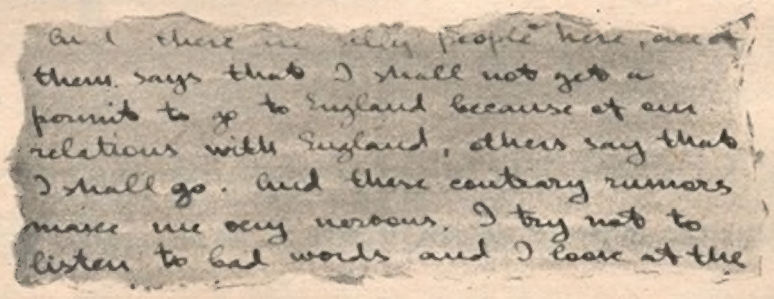
May 18, 1946:


cry so much. I shall patiently wait
for the time when I can join you.
It will be something wonderful. I hope
it won't be long until I see you again.

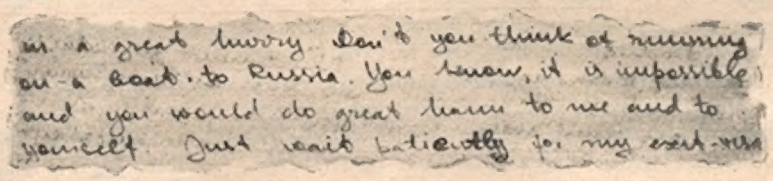
May 26, 1946:


to walk in the street. I found
out there that one of the wives
has been waiting for her visa the
whole year. If it happened to me
I do not know how could I bear it

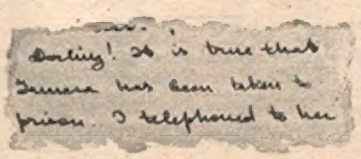
June 2, 1946:

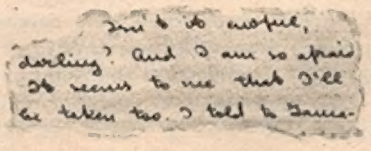

And there are silly people here, one of
them says that I shall not get a
permit to go to England because of our
relations with England, others say that
I shall go. And these contrary rumors
make me very nervous. I try not to
listen to bad words and I look at the

Aug. 16, 1946:


in a great hurry. Don't you think of coming
on a boat to Russia. You know, it is impossible
and you would do great harm to me and to
yourself. Just wait patiently for my next visa

Sept. 30, 1946:





THIS IS THE STORY of five and a half years in the life of my wife, Iraida Evgenievna Rickitts, citizen of the Soviet Union, British subject by marriage, and known to me tenderly as Erena or Erenochka. It is told principally by the letters which she has written to me since I returned from Moscow on May 15, 1946. That was the last time I saw her. She stood below the window of my plane waving to me. She was crying.

She wrote always with great love and in the loyal faith that one day we should be reunited. It was never intended that her words should be published. But neither did we intend that long years should pass between us in lonely separation. Many times in her letters she appealed to me: "Never give me up. Fight for me!" It is because of that appeal that you read these words, for never has she more needed help.

Her letters came to me by diplomatic bag from our Embassy in Moscow, a privilege which she did not abuse. She was always proud of her country, even on the day of our marriage when she flung herself into my arms and said happily: "Now I am *English*, too, my Williamochka!"

Her first letter showed me how much pain we felt on parting, and how little we understood.

May 18, 1946.—"Four days I have been without you, my darling, and I am crying. Oh, darling, I don't know what will happen to me if I don't see you soon. I watched your plane disappear, I saw the last of it in the sky and then I went away. I could not sleep that night.

"We shall live by letters, darling, shan't we? It will be a wonderful life when we are together again. I shall be so happy. . . . I shall patiently wait for the time when I can join you. It will be something wonderful. I hope it won't be long until I see you again.

"At the airport I could say nothing to you because of my tears. Now I can say, my William, please, take care of yourself. Wait for me, wait for your Russian wife. Remember that in far-away Russia there is a girl who loves and adores you. My only life rests in you. You are everything to me. Do not forget."

It has been impossible to forget, for the years I spent in Moscow mean only Erena to me. I met her in November, 1944, outside the Bolshoi Theatre, on the same spot where she was to be kidnapped seven years later. I had been in Russia five months and I was depressed and lonely. I was forty-two, no longer a young man, and I have never been able to make friends easily. I had found Russia bleak and inhospitable, cold, hungry and bitter from the war.

Colleagues at the Embassy had told me I should meet a Russian girl, and that the best way was to stand outside the Bolshoi Theatre with two tickets in my hand. It was weeks before I would do this, and then one night there

William and Erenochka Rickitts on their wedding day. "It seemed," he writes, "that we were only part of all the world's confusion and unhappiness"

I stood, watching a queue of Russians in their shapeless, padded overcoats. I didn't know then that most of these Russians were waiting to buy tickets from foreigners.

Some of them spoke to me, but I couldn't understand them, and I went on standing there. Then Erena came and, in perfect English, asked me if I would sell her a ticket. I remember how beautiful her hair looked and how ugly her great padded overcoat. I told her, hesitatingly, that I would be glad if she came with me herself. She smiled and nodded, and I followed her into the great theatre, and there, for the first time, I saw Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*, the ballet and the music which Erena loves so much.

But when it was over and I asked to see her again she shook her head quickly and left me. The weeks of loneliness began again, and then one day she telephoned and asked if I would take her to our cinema in the Embassy building.

Our friendship began then. I was proud of Erena, proud of the way she took my arm at the Embassy dances. She was very beautiful, full of joy and laughter and twenty years younger than I, and although at times I felt like her father, more often than not she made me feel as young as she. She was a student, and even after our marriage she continued her studies. That I had to leave her before her final examinations was a blow to us both. When I got back to England I sent her a telegram which was held for her at Stary Dom, the Embassy building in which we had lived for a few months.

May 21, 1946.—"I was so happy when I heard there was a telegram from you. I rushed to Stary Dom. I took a Number A tram and then ran the rest of the way from the gardens. While I was in the tram and while I was running, tears were in my eyes.

"Darling. I miss you terribly. You are alone and I am alone. This world is very wicked. I didn't realize before that our separation would be so painful. Only think how much time we shall be separated. How many months lie between us?

"I go to the Institute but I cannot concentrate on my studies. My examination starts on June 6. First I take English and then Russian, then Marxism-Leninism. Please, my darling husband who brings me luck, think of me then.

"It is one fifteen now. Everybody else, my father, my sister, my brother, is asleep. My mamouchka is on duty at the hospital. Good night, darling, think of your Erenochka."

I liked Erena's mother, a little dark-haired woman who must have been beautiful when she was younger. She was employed by one of the big Moscow hospitals. Her husband was Erena's stepfather, a squat, stolid man with a peasant's face. He was a schools' inspector. There was also Ura, Erena's brother, a Red Army veteran and a young man full of good humour and energy. And there was Galya, a stepsister.

They all lived in two rooms on Petrovka Street. In the main room was a large table on which a pot of tea was always standing. We would sit about it, drinking tea, laughing, singing. I would meet Erena at six every evening, at the Metro station. Sometimes we went to the Embassy cinema or the Bolshoi, but more often we walked in the parks at Fili and Izmailovo, or through the streets banked by snow.

We ate ice cream in the little shops along Gorki Street, and we talked. We talked endlessly. We stood in the long queue that always stretched about the Red Square, waiting to see Lenin's tomb. We marched together, arm in arm, in the great parades. We were happy.

One day, many months after we first met, we were walking in the park at Fili and suddenly I took her hand. We turned and faced each other and then I kissed her for the first time. She cried, and perhaps I did, too, standing there under the trees. We talked often of marriage after that, and we weren't afraid to face its dangers. Yet when we did marry it was almost on impulse. We turned into a register office a few days after Christmas, 1945, and, before witnesses hastily recruited from its staff, we were married. We walked through the streets clutching each other.

The marriage was a surprise to her family; perhaps it worried them, but Erena's stepfather, who later turned against her so bitterly, sent

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WILLIAM RICKITTS, former employee of the British Embassy in Moscow, married Iraida Evgenievna Orlova, a Soviet citizen, in Moscow in 1945. For six years she has been trying to leave Russia to join him. Here, traced through her letters, is the story of their long, anguished battle for permission to live together.

Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre, where Rickitts met his wife—and where she was later kidnapped

out for vodka and we had a grand party—a Russian party, where one eats, drinks, eats, and then drinks again. For four and a half months Erena and I lived in a little room which the Embassy gave us at Stary Dom, where tall windows let in the winter sun. Each morning she left for her studies, and I for the Embassy, while the Soviet militiaman at the gate touched his cap and said: "Hallo, Gospodin Rickitts!"

I knew it would soon end. I should have been returned to England quickly after the marriage. It was the rule, but I postponed it by not handing in my passport when I was asked. At last I had to go. There was a last party, and Erena's mother cried, while her stepfather frowned and looked uncomfortable. And I last remember Erena crying on the airfield.

First Hint Of Trouble

In England I at once sent her the documents she needed when applying for a visa to join me, letters from my employer, a letter from me saying that I loved her and would look after her. But her next letter told me that nothing was going to be easy.

May 26, 1946.—"I found out [at a party] that one of the wives has been waiting for her visa the whole year. If it happened to me I do not know how could I bear it.

"Today I went to Izmailovo. I picked some violets and send them to you. They will remind you of Izmailovo and your Erena. This world is very wicked. Why did they separate you from me? Why did they take away my husband?

"I have had to tell them at the Institute. When I went before the committee, the chairman said: 'What is your name?' I said 'Orlova.' Then he asked me if I had another name. I told them that my new name was Rickitts. They asked me questions about you, where you worked, whether you were Russian. I said: 'My husband is English.' The chairman told me that in that case, I could not be appointed to a job when my studies were over.

"Our Dean told me afterwards that he had been placed in a very uncomfortable position because I had not told him about my marriage. He was rather angry, but I did not care."

June 2, 1946.—"I am so happy tonight. At last I have received a letter from you. Of course, I could not help crying again, but this time my tears were from happiness. I want to come to you so quickly. And there are silly people here. One of them says that I shall not get a permit to go to England because of our relations with England; others say that I shall go. And these contrary rumours make me very nervous. I try not to listen to bad words. . . ."

I, too, was worried because relations between Russia and the West were worsening. In London, the Foreign Office told me that there was little I could do here to hasten Erena's visa. Meanwhile, I found a job, and began to save money, planning the flat Erena and I would have. Our separation, I thought, could not last long.

I wrote to Erena on the day of her examination, and thought of her walking through Moscow's fine main streets to her Institute.

June 6, 1946.—"I had my first examination in English today. It was awful. I was so nervous when I received the first question that I could only sit at my desk and cry. You gave me courage when you were here. How much I miss you. Yet, congratulate me, darling, I passed!"

June 9, 1946.—"On the monthly anniversary of our wedding I passed the office where we were married and I stopped and wished you were with me. Then I went to look at the room we shared at Stary Dom. It was empty. Nobody lives in it now. I looked in the cupboards, everything was so miserably empty. The caretaker told me how you cried when you heard that you were going to England, and how you said again and again: 'My Erena, my Erenochka!'"

June 15, 1946.—"I received an invitation to a party at the British Embassy in honour of your King's birthday. One of your friends brought a whole jar of sweets and said, 'Quick, Mrs. Rickitts, open your bag!' and he put the sweets inside. I laughed, and then I cried because you weren't with me. Don't leave me here, for I love you so terribly."

Marxism-Leninism Test

June 20, 1946.—"The other day the man you met in Berlin on your way home told me that you cried when you spoke to him of me. Don't cry, my sweet one, smile. Smile for me.

"I passed my examination in Marxism-Leninism today. It was very difficult. But I passed with your help, darling. Thank God, there is only one subject left.

"When I am in Pushkin Square I remember how often I took you to the tram-stop there in the evenings. I remember how once I walked away from you in anger and left you standing there in the rain. Darling, I would not walk away from you now. Whenever I see a Number 22 tram I remember how it used to take me to our little room in Stary Dom. Don't worry, I try not to cry now. But I can't laugh now you are away. I want to be with you. I hope you will have some positive results. You can do so much to bring us together. Please, darling!"

That is how it was. She believed that it was possible for me to do something in London that would hasten her visa. And I knew there was nothing I could do here. I wrote to her as cheerfully as I could. Perhaps even I still believed that it would be only a matter of days.

When she wrote and told me that she had passed all her examinations I knew how proud it must have made her.

June 26, 1946.—"If you were here we would celebrate. My brother, Ura, says that if he had graduated he would buy a bottle of wine. But how can I have a party with you away?"

July 4, 1946.—"I have been promised a job as a translator at the British Embassy. Oh, darling, I do wish the Foreign Ministers would finish with their arguments. I am so afraid, darling. I can't live without you. Write to the Soviet Embassy in London. Write to the Dean of Canterbury. Write to them many, many times."

I did not write to the Red Dean, but I wrote everywhere else. The increasing bitterness in the endless councils of the Foreign Ministers made me feel that Erena and I were only part of all the confusion and unhappiness that existed in the world. It was hard to convince her that there was so little I could do.

I was glad our Moscow Embassy had given her work, for I knew then that she was with people who would help her if help was needed. But still the Russian authorities' silence on the question of a visa persisted.

July 28, 1946.—"It seems to me that the day will never come when I shall see you again. Darling, what are you doing for my visa? Dearest, please do something.

"It is Sunday and it is so hot in Moscow. The streets are empty because nearly everybody has gone to the country or to the Navy Day celebrations. It is quiet in our home, too. We have just finished dinner, my father, my mother and I. I wish you were sitting at the table with us, holding my hand as you used to do."

Communist Questioning

There was more disturbing news in a later letter. I do not remember the man she speaks of—perhaps one of her brother Ura's friends. But I felt uneasy when I read:

July 29, 1946.—"Darling, do you know who is at our house now? That member of the Communist Party. He is asking about you."

She began work at the Embassy for 800 roubles a month. She said that it was not a large salary but hoped that after a month she would receive more. From 9.30 to 5.30 she translated Russian papers into English. The news in the papers upset her. Perhaps my letters were despairing, too. I wrote and told her that I would get on a boat for Russia and take her out, myself.

August 16, 1946.—"My adorable husband, don't do anything in a great hurry. Don't you think of running on a boat to Russia. You know, it is impossible and you would do great harm to me and to yourself. Just wait patiently for my exit-visa. I shall come to you, my sweet."

But she did not come. I wrote, trying to explain that I could do nothing. Sometimes our letters talked only of the old days, swimming in the park at Fili, the little room at Stary Dom, and the long walks we used to take in the snow. But always we returned to the subject of the visa.

September 17, 1946.—"Dearest, I am afraid there is nothing I can do here. Whenever I make inquiries about my visa I am told that my case has not been decided yet and I will be informed. Things are difficult now. Prices of rationed food are three times higher, and my father is angry because we have little money. But our rooms have been cleaned, and it is very pleasant."

Letter That Made Me Afraid

She had friends in Moscow. Mostly they were the wives of other British or American citizens, all waiting, like Erena. She was fond of one of these wives, a girl called Tamara, and it often comforted me to know they were friends. Then came a letter that first made me afraid for Erena.

September 30, 1946.—". . . Tamara has been taken to prison. I telephoned to her father and he was very rude to me, but he said that somebody came and took Tamara's letters. Isn't it awful, darling? And I am so afraid. It seems to me that I'll be taken, too. . . . Darling, I don't know what is to happen. And people talk so much of war."

October 14, 1946.—"Darling, are you giving up hopes that I'll be granted my exit-visa? My father asked *me* this question. Darling, I am your wife and I cannot live without you. I am so sorry for Tamara and sometimes I am afraid that it will affect me. I even listen to every sound when I am in bed. It is an awful feeling."

October 22, 1946.—"I am in despair and I have this feeling of fear all the time. I have cried much during the last few days. I am so much afraid of the situation and I am so much afraid that I shall not see you again.

"It was sweet of you to send me your photograph, Mother and I admired it, and the inscription you wrote, that perhaps my mother

Continued on page 35

Dawi (left) treats a Sarawak baby for yaws, a loathsome tropical disease. This dramatic picture was taken by Hopkins inside the medical boat

Into the jungle with white man's medicine

by HARRY HOPKINS

Reporting from British Borneo, Harry Hopkins tells of his fascinating trip in a jungle medicine boat, and of a visit to a long-house—the tribal version of a block of flats

KUCHING

THE SQUAT, ROUND dispensary bottles ranged, brilliantly translucent in their racks, down each side of the boat. Dawi bin Abdul Rahman, the dresser, sat cross-legged at his cod-liver-oil box desk entering up details of the last village's cases.

I stretched out one leg carefully—there wasn't overmuch room in this local-built *perahu*, now fitted with a plank floor, an outboard engine, and a white canopy which had the words "Medical Department Travelling Dispensary No. 2" lettered in black across it. Dawi closed his ledger and put it away in the cod-liver-oil box. He was a pleasant little Malay, quietly competent, and with the perfect, natural manners of his race. It would be five days—and around 300 patients on the ledger—before Dawi got back from this weekly river round to his wife and three children in Kuching. In the meantime he would live on this narrow boat, eat on it, sleep on it, treat patients on it, make his reports out on it. It was not an easy life, but he did not complain.

Perhaps he recognized he was doing important work. But he can hardly have known just *how* important. For Dawi bin Abdul Rahman and his colleagues of the fifteen other floating dispensaries that recently began to ply up and down the great Sarawak rivers were, on any long view, more important than the Governor, more important than the Chief Secretary, than anyone who sits at a desk in an office.

Hopkins in the floating dispensary as it pushes up river through the Sarawak jungle

For by taking their knowledge and a few simple drugs to these remote inland settlements, these young men were doing much more than easing the lot of their people. They were flinging open the window on a whole new world. They were telescoping the processes of historical evolution, bridging centuries in a couple of afternoons. They were breaking through one of the world's last frontiers—invincible emissaries of that ogre, Civilization, which the Brooke family, the benevolent "White Rajas" who ruled Sarawak from 1841 to 1946, had believed to be against the interests of their people.

There were three in the crew of Travelling Dispensary No. 2: Dawi, the dresser; behind him, separated by the rows of oiltins and the stone jars of bulk lotions, the lad who coaxed along the engine and held the tiller; and way up in front, in the prow, there was Borok, officially categorized as "Attendant," but who, in fact, seemed to do everything from cooking rice to sterilizing hypodermic needles.

The boat heeled over as we swept round a great bend and a Malay fishing village came into

view, built out, as usual, on stilts over the mud. Dawi pressed the bulb of the motor-horn half a dozen times. In all the kampongs and long-houses along the Sarawak rivers, that sound was already a part of the familiar pattern of things, signalling the weekly arrival of the *"Perahu Obat"*—the Medicine Boat.

By the time we tied up at the rickety little "pier," a small crowd of Malay and Chinese women and children—with a sprinkling of men—had already gathered. More were coming out along the narrow "cat-walks" between the palm-thatched houses to join them. All of them held bottles, every sort of bottle: ink bottles, perfume bottles, milk bottles, shampoo bottles, lemonade bottles—and even medicine bottles.

They waded into the water and pressed around the end of the boat, holding up their skirts. They came up in their boats and peered in over the bottles. They exhibited their ulcers and their children's ringworm and their scabies and they told their stories. Dawi, at his box, prescribed and made his entries, and Borok, in the prow, filled the ink bottles and the hair-oil bottles with multi-coloured lotions and tinctures and mixtures, spooned out yellow ointments into screws of paper. It was all rather like something out of the Bible—with modern variations.

Villagers crowd round Travelling Dispensary No. 2. The boat calls up river once every week

Entrance to the long-house which Hopkins visited. "Stairway" is a notched tree trunk

And through most of it the face of a little five-year-old Chinese girl was peering anxiously through the side of the boat. Several times she put her head inside and thrust out a bottle and each time Dawi said something in Malay and the head and the bottle withdrew, but the eyes continued to watch us inflexibly.

I asked Dawi what it was all about and he explained. "It's an ulcer," he said, "and I tell her she should have ointment. But she insists on having a bottle of medicine instead. You see, what happens is that some medicine I give cures some trouble pretty quickly. After that they all want the same thing, no matter what's the matter with them." He sighed and shook his head despairingly.

To teach these people how to treat—and prevent—such things as tropical ulcers was one of the objects behind the river medical boat service. Another was to bring back medical intelligence to headquarters as the basis for planning. Thanks to the boats, more was known now about the detailed health and needs of the people than had ever been known before.

We turned into a narrow creek, a short cut between the big rivers. The dead men's arms of the mangrove trees clawed out over the shining, oozy mud where brown lizardy things leaped and darted. The channel was so narrow and twisted so much that several times the engine had to be stopped while Borok took to the paddle. Navigation on all these rivers was apt to be hazardous. There were rapids and bores and unpredictable changes. Every dresser had his story of the time the boat nearly capsized. But so far only two sets of equipment had been lost.

Parade For Injections

Our next call, said Dawi, was the yaws village. And before we had tied up, the women and babies and children were all around us, their faces blotched and disfigured by the peculiar, raspberry-like eruptions of this loathsome tropical disease. Borok boiled up a bowl of water to sterilize the needles and, working adeptly over the side of the boat, cotton-wool in one hand and hypodermic in the other, Dawi worked his way round with the arsenic injections. Babies cried out suddenly in their fathers' arms, little boys hid their faces in mothers' skirts, Malay women were coy about rolling up their sleeves. Since the *perahu obat* started out on its rounds two years ago, yaws had been almost wiped out from the banks of the river; this was one of the few afflicted villages left.

We spent the night at Kampong Bahru, the largest village on the Samaharan River. The next morning the simple routine resumed: the tooting of the horn, the people crowding round with their bottles and stories. But the river had narrowed now, the nipah palm given way to jungle, tall grass and the odd patch of rubber.

Then, in the early afternoon, as we cut our engine and drifted in to yet another "calling station," the routine was broken. The bottles were still there, being thrust out towards us—but the people were different. They had high cheekbones and bold, quick brown eyes and sometimes their long black hair was done up in a bun; others were elaborately tattoed. These people demanded, where the Malays had politely asked. Cheerful extroverts, they looked you in the eye and clearly considered they were every bit as good as you were, if not better.

For these were the Sea Dayaks—the most numerous, most pushful of Sarawak's three principal native races: the Malays of the coasts and estuaries, the Sea Dayaks—so called perhaps because they are great canoe-travellers—and the milder, more static Land Dayaks. Paradoxically, Land Dayaks and Sea Dayaks are not related, for "dayak" merely means "wild men," and was just the name which the Brookes and early travellers used to describe the inland peoples.

At this calling station, the assistant headman of the place invited me to visit the long-house. The long-house—a way of life much favoured by the Borneo races—is just what it says, a *long* house, a sort of block of flats in the horizontal, with a large community lounge. It is raised on piles above the ground and can be as much as a quarter of a mile long, housing ninety families.

This particular long-house had twenty-seven "doors"—and families—and around a hundred inhabitants. A notched tree trunk, leaning against one end, formed the "entrance stairs." Our guide led the way up and I found myself on the edge of a wide, light veranda, alive with people, that ran off for a hundred yards or so into the distance.

I Sat With The Elders

A great deal was going on down the length of that veranda. An old woman was pounding betel nut with great verve; a man was weaving a fishnet; one girl was husking rice in a home-made wooden machine, and another was winnowing it in a rattan tray. I walked gingerly down the veranda, for the floor of thin split bamboo sprang up and down under my step. I felt most unsafe. A big shiny rush matting was unrolled and I sat down on it upon the veranda, surrounded by the community elders. The twenty-seven doors that lead to the family apartments ran off on our left, each door kept shut, I noticed later, by a length of string which ran down through the floor with a stone on the end. Down there, under the floor, was the home of the hens and the pigs. The refuse of the long-house fell through the bamboo slats and the pigs immediately ate it up and in due course the Dayaks ate the pigs. It was an inspired arrangement.

The head of the long-house—an important individual, for he can settle disputes and even perform marriages—was away in his paddy fields, but his son took me to his room, which was dominated by a huge picture of the headman looking rather like the brooding president of some South American republic. To one side of the room stood a massive "Queen-Elizabeth-Slept-Here" four-poster bed, an improbable article, but apparently a treasured possession with Dayaks. Several pans were simmering over the fire in a sort of kitchen annexe that overhung the back of the long-house.

Back outside on the veranda I happened to glance up at the long loft under the roof where the Dayaks store their paddy and stow away their tools. They began to laugh among themselves. "They think," translated Dawi, "that you're looking for the heads." As it happened there weren't any heads, though if there had been, I was told, they certainly wouldn't have hesitated to show them. And in fact there are still plenty of long-houses where the bunched heads still hang like so many coconuts from the rafters, their totals carefully totted up at intervals by the district officer to guard against additions. Most of these heads are black with age, but here and there are to be seen skulls that are still white. These are the heads of Japanese soldiers.

Took Heads By Guile

Though little, if any, inducement was needed, some of the British officers who parachuted into the interior of Borneo in the war were offering ten dollars a piece for Japanese heads. Many of these heads the Dayaks took by guile. "Poor fellow!" they would say to some wretched little Jap, laying a sympathetic hand on his shoulder, "how weary you look. Do come with us and let us give you a meal." Another trick was to follow behind a Jap column moving through the jungle, lopping off the heads of the stragglers.

But with Liberation the sport ceased abruptly. For the Dayaks, fortunately, were more actuated by annoyance with the Japs and fervent loyalty to the British than by any yearning to return

Sea Dayaks on the veranda of their long-house. Some houses are a quarter-mile long and hold ninety families. "Doors" on right lead to apartments

to the tribal cults it had taken the Brookes decades to stamp out.

Though changes there might have been, in many a long-house the old tribal world, peopled by powerful spirits and invisible perils, lived on. In the room of the assistant head of this long-house two strange-looking wooden affairs—something between a pigeon cote and a doll's house—dangled from the rafters. These, it appeared, were for the reception and propitiation of spirits. For in this Dayak world the way you handled spirits was very important, especially the spirits of the recently dead, who might otherwise hang around and injure you.

It was the habit of some Borneo tribes to keep their dead in their long-houses for many weeks, draining the fluids from the body by means of a bamboo passing through the floor and down into the earth. That, too, was probably the significance of this little miniature house dangling from the rafters. It was for the reception and comfort of a spirit. Later, when sufficiently appeased, the spirit might be launched upon the river in a specially made ceremonial canoe, and thus safely got rid of. These little brightly coloured canoes, I was told, could often be seen drifting, empty, down the Borneo rivers.

In Borneo in 1952 two worlds that were aeons apart met with an impact that was sometimes rather startling. The explanation is to be found in Borneo's history. When the first white raja received his kingdom from the Malay Sultan of Brunei, he undertook to continue to govern it as a Malay country. The Brookes kept their pledge. Until almost the end, education and office remained the monopoly of the Malays.

Then came the earthquake of war and national revolution, rocking all South-East Asia. Its tremors were felt even in the Borneo jungle. The Dayaks woke up to a consciousness of what they might have been missing. They began to demand education with that insistence for which they are famed. Today we stand pledged to give them that education; and not only them, but the many other largely illiterate races in Borneo. It is a prodigious assignment.

But at the Batu Lintang Teacher Training Centre outside Kuching, I saw that at least a start had been made. Among the 160 students at Batu Lintang there are representatives of fourteen Borneo races and tribes. To pick these potential teachers and bring them back, Government officers had made journeys of many miles by canoe and on foot into the remotest interior.

J. K. Wilson, the centre's principal, a modest, quiet-spoken Scot, wartime bomber pilot and double D.F.C., took me around the classrooms. We went in to the physics class. "We try to mix them up as much as we can all the time," said Wilson. "See that chap over there? He's a Kenyah. Then, in front of him you've a Melanau, then an Iban, a Malay, a Land Dayak, a Kayan—and the fellow over there doing a diagram in his notebook, he's one of our Kelabits." The Kelabits came from remote settlements down by the Indonesian frontier.

Bird With A Message

The students, Wilson said, were industrious and well-conducted, yet a teacher at Batu Lintang had to be prepared for strange events. Not long ago a promising youth had precipitately departed for his long-house many days journey up country. Nothing could stop him. For that morning a certain sort of bird had hopped on to the veranda of his dormitory—a bird of omen, a bird with a message. Wilson raised his hands helplessly. "There's just nothing you can do about it. You can go only just so fast. . . ."

Nevertheless, things *were* moving. From Batu Lintang 140 newly trained teachers had already gone out to their villages all over Sarawak. Whereas before the war there had been scarcely any outside the towns, schools were now spreading to every corner of the colony. The dispensary boats were pushing up the rivers. And there were things like the Paya Megok Group Farming Project.

Many of the Borneo races are pretty crude and primitive farmers. They burn off the jungle hillsides, plant their dry paddy, take their crops and move on. Gradually a large part of Sarawak is being denuded of soil. But at Paya Megok, the agricultural department has taken the people of a long-house and is teaching them—in practice—how to organize a stable, properly irrigated, wet paddy farm, using bulldozers, tractors and other modern machinery. And as I watched them at work, I thought of a young engineer I had met in Jesselton, North Borneo.

"Mechanize!" he had cried angrily. "Look at these coolies on the waterfront, trotting to and fro with their little loads—handsful! Put in a roller-conveyor! Mechanize! Borneo is a land of riches, a treasure-house! To get them out we must mechanize. . . ." As he talked, you almost saw the broad concrete highways streaming off across the island, the factories belching smoke, the railways rolling down to the ports with their loads of logs, coal, manganese, palm oil, tea and, yes, gold, for gold exists in Borneo.

But many men who have come to these shores have dreamed that dream in many generations. And always the dream has been shattered in the vast, wild, unfathomable emptiness of this place. Will the postwar pioneer, backed now by all the resources of government and modern science, succeed where the others failed?

The Colonial Development Corporation has an office in Jesselton's main street. But the story you will hear there is hardly encouraging. Their hemp plantations on the east coast have been attacked by "bunchy top" disease. Their experiment in mechanized rice cultivation failed and was abandoned. And when I went to interview their cattle-ranch expert, I found him in despair. "Lush pastures," reported from the air had turned out, on the ground, to be swamps covered with hundreds of acres of bracken.

Yet only a few hundred miles to the west, on a narrow strip of seashore, something was happening which might yet realize the old dream at last. Oil was flowing up out of the sand in enormous quantities, oil which had already made British Borneo the biggest oil producer in the Commonwealth, oil which had already conjured up out of the jungle new roads, power stations, clubs, bus services and new all-modern-conveniences towns.

NEXT WEEK: Boom time in Brunei—land with more money than it can spend

Any other man would have run for his life. But Sir Alfred had turned to face the charging brute. As it reached him, he raised his cane to strike

HOW SIR ALFRED DIED

by CHRISTINE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY TISDALL

Everyone thought that it must have been an accident. But I knew it wasn't. I had seen it happen—and I knew that it had been murder

WE BURIED SIR ALFRED this morning, very early, before the day's heat really got started. All his friends who were able came to the funeral, and all his people were there—the people who had worked for him to the day of his death.

It is now not quite twenty-four hours since Sir Alfred was killed by the Brahma bull beside the barbed-wire fence of the second pasture below his house. At four forty-five yesterday afternoon Sir Alfred was alive, and he and I were sitting in this screened gallery which overlooks the valley and the great raft of cocoa and immortelles—those pink-flowered trees which we grow to shade the young cocoa—stretching from the terrace below the gallery to the end of the valley.

It was cooler up here on Sir Alfred's estate in the hills than down in the gullies and savannahs which fan out from Port of Spain.

I'd been passing by on the terrace on my way to the kitchen to speak to Mrs. Penny, the cook, who is a relative of mine, when Sir Alfred called to me from the gallery. It was his habit to rest for half an hour or so and drink a glass of rum and water before he started on his habitual stroll across the pasture to visit his old friend and neighbour, Mr. Cornelius Holmes, on the Merryvale Estate next door.

"Frank," said Sir Alfred, "Frank, come up here a moment, will you?"

I went up the short flight of steps and through the screen door into the gallery, and there was Sir Alfred seated in his usual chair, with Mary, his fox-terrier, lying at his feet, and his leather-topped cane balanced on his knee.

He was a tall, erect old man with white hair and calm, grey eyes and a nose which reached out from his face like the prow of a ship. He had a quiet manner and yet one got the feeling of strength and agility, and that was not to be wondered at either, for everyone knew that he had been a fine athlete when a schoolboy in England, and in fact throughout his life, riding horseback to the last, when he was past seventy.

I think that perhaps there may be a word, a single word, which would be sufficient to describe Sir Alfred, but it would have to be a word that conceals as much as it describes, for that is how I remember him. Many imagine they knew him well, and made a great to-do about loving him—loving Sir Alfred!

Love is a word I never remember hearing from his lips, nor did I ever surprise the look of it on his face, as one sometimes does on certain faces, or in his actions either, though I would not presume to say that the feeling was unknown to him. He must have loved his wife when he married, perhaps even when he divorced her, though that was many years ago. Perhaps he'd loved his sons, too, before they became estranged

from him for reasons none of us ever found out.

Well, when Sir Alfred asked me to come up into the gallery yesterday afternoon, I found him seated in the cane chair with that cushion which still has the slight hollow where his head used to rest. He held a glass in his hand. "Come in, Frank," he said, as I opened the screen door. "Come in. Have a drink."

"Thank you, sir," I said, and I always said "sir" even though he had once asked me not to bother with it. "We're both too old," he'd said, with his faint smile, "for that sort of thing." I continued to sir him partly from habit and partly because I felt that not to do so would affect my relations with, for instance, George Singh, the overseer, and also the other people who worked for Sir Alfred, none of whom would have lasted a day in his employ if they'd omitted that title of respect.

"Thank you, sir," I said, and helped myself to a tot of rum, taking a glass from the tray which Mrs. Penny always set out in the gallery at this hour; not just two glasses but half a dozen, for we never knew when some of his friends might come driving in from a neighbouring estate, or even all the way up from Port of Spain, thirty miles away.

TAKING my glass, I sat down on a chair beside him so both of us faced the valley, and all we could see was the tops of the trees, and the grey mist rising above them.

In addition to growing cocoa, Sir Alfred kept livestock, including cattle—Brahma cattle, those crossbreds which have been found to thrive better in our West Indian climate than the pure-bred English or European stock.

We sat quietly. Sir Alfred didn't need to talk much with me. I have worked ten years for him, first as a chauffeur, then as a kind of personal secretary to do odd jobs of accounting and letter writing. He and I were within a year of the same age, and certain things had happened to him that had likewise happened to me, though, of course, in quite a different fashion. I, too, had lost my wife—she found out that I had been untrue to her and she divorced me, not being the forgiving sort. Naturally it never occurred to me to ask Sir Alfred what it was that had come between his wife and him; I had a feeling that the case had been reversed, here; that would, of course, have been an even stronger reason for his never speaking of it.

On the dressing-table in his bedroom there is a photograph of his wife and his two sons taken years ago, when the boys were about nine and twelve. They stand on either side of their young mother, who is seated, and all three gaze straight at you. I went in the room one day and found him there, just looking at the photograph. He didn't hear me come in. I don't think he was conscious of anything.

I have often wondered why he kept the photograph, for aside from that, and from his books and pieces of family silver in the dining-room, he had nothing round him which seemed to hold any connection with the past. The furniture had all been picked up at one time or another on the island; it is shabby and make-shift.

I remember once George Singh making the remark—he and I happened to be passing through the house on some errand—and George said: "Disgusting, isn't it? You'd think that with his money and title and everything. . . ." But it was not what George said so much as the expression on his face that had interested me. His eyes seemed to burn with scorn. He simply could not understand how a man like Sir Alfred chose to live in this simplicity.

George Singh is part Indian and part white and the rest of him black, though, of course, not as black as me. I'm pure black, just as Sir Alfred is pure white, and the thought occurs to me now that perhaps that was another reason he had this special feeling towards me—my blackness, his whiteness, were a kind of truth which

neither of us ever tried to explain or to apologize for, or were ashamed of, or proud of in the mixed-up way in which George Singh was ashamed and proud at one and the same time.

"Frank," said Sir Alfred as we sat drinking our rum in the gallery, "I have to drive to Port of Spain tomorrow, for that meeting of the Agricultural Society. They have asked me to give a talk on the subject of pilfering."

I knew that this had been on his mind for some time past. Stealing had become a real problem for the planters in this region. The thieves had organized themselves into gangs, and the protection of fruit, cocoa, timber and other things on an estate as large as ours was becoming complicated and expensive.

"Do you want me to come with you, sir?" I asked Sir Alfred, but he seemed not to hear, and I saw that he was frowning. Presently he said: "We can stop it, I think, if we are willing to go to the trouble and expense."

"George Singh was telling me, sir, that until we can make better arrangements it might be wise to hire extra men for watch duty."

"You've talked with George Singh?"

"This morning, sir. He happened to mention it."

"George can always talk," said Sir Alfred. Now I remember the peculiar excitement I felt at that remark and at the tone of voice in which it was made. I suppose I'd been expecting something of the sort, some clue, some sign of the feeling which Sir Alfred had for George Singh.

GEORGE was a good overseer, active, intelligent and reliable. Sir Alfred paid him well and treated him exactly as he treated most of us —most of us, that is, except me, for I don't recall his ever inviting George or the others to sit in the gallery and drink rum with him, and I knew very well how George felt about this, though there again I knew it by instinct, for George never mentioned it.

Even standing beside Sir Alfred's grave this morning George's face showed nothing. Once he raised his eyes and looked at me, and I noticed, as I had before, that they had reddish veins in them like some East Indians have, and that they were only a shade darker than his skin, which is what they call olive, and his hair, glossy black hair with a wave in it, which he keeps carefully trimmed and brushed.

George always dresses with a sort of expensive carelessness, in much the same way as some Englishmen do, and he is careful of his accent, which has none of the rising inflection of this island where he was born, and where he has lived all his life.

"George," Sir Alfred repeated presently, "George can always talk."

I sipped my rum and waited, the excitement playing through me, for it was the first time that Sir Alfred had spoken to me about George in this particular tone of voice.

"If George Singh," said Sir Alfred, in his deliberate voice, "if George Singh had as good a conscience as he has an accent, it might not be necessary for me to take that drive down to Port of Spain tomorrow to give the Society the benefit of my views on pilfering."

As I sat there saying nothing, wondering how Sir Alfred had found this out about George, he suddenly turned and looked at me.

"Don't you agree?"

I WAS not prepared for the question, for Sir Alfred never asked such questions of me. But he did not expect me to answer, for stooping a little to stroke Mary, the fox-terrier, with the end of his cane, he said: "Do me a favour. Keep Mary with you this afternoon. She excites the Brahma and I'm afraid she'll get into trouble one of these days."

"I'll keep her," I said.

The Brahma bull was not in sight as Sir Alfred and I sat drinking our rum. Both pastures are on a lower level, but by standing up one can see them, the first a neat square fenced with barbed wire, the second pasture roughly oblong, and fenced the same way, connected to the first by a cross-barred gate fastened by a simple device, a stout pole which drops into a projecting slot. This gate swings from the first pasture into the second, which has two other gates, one at each end of the oblong, so that in order to get in or out one has to walk the whole length or else use the connecting gate.

The dog might have saved Sir Alfred if he'd taken her, because she would undoubtedly have tried to distract the Brahma when it charged across the second pasture. But what is the use of thinking such thoughts now? I can hear the dog howling all the way from Mr. Holmes's place, for he took charge of her yesterday, and he may have to shoot her if she doesn't get over grieving, as George Singh shot the Brahma bull on Mr. Holmes's orders. George shot the bull with Sir Alfred's rifle after I'd told Mr. Holmes that I wouldn't do it: that I wouldn't do it because I knew very well Sir Alfred would not have wanted it done, it not really being the bull's fault, a great, wild, excitable beast which had got into the habit of watching him cross the

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Sir Alfred didn't notice me at the door. He was staring at the photo of his wife and children

It's the picture that sells the pattern that sells the wool. This is Sophia, sweater model

For complicated work, Norbury uses carefully drawn diagrams before he begins dictation

The man who knits in his head

by MURIEL SEGAL

Without any notes, James Norbury designs warm winter woollies as he goes along—a knack that results from creating a garment a day for Britain's home knitters

WHEN JAMES NORBURY calls his secretary in to take a memo, his dictation runs something like: "61 sts., 3½ in., k1, pl rib star 1D, 2L, 5D, 2L, star 1D." Although, to the uninitiated, this may sound like nonsense, his secretary knows that James Norbury is "thinking" a design which will turn out to be the check pattern on a man's cardigan, and that it will sell to 20,000 knitters as soon as it is published.

Big, bearded and extremely myopic, Norbury composes most of his knitting patterns as he goes along, without any notes except, perhaps, a sketch doodled on his blotter. Having knitted since he was three, he finds no difficulty in working out a pattern in his head, and can design a sweater in less than half an hour. He creates one garment a day as part of his job with what he claims is the world's biggest knitting-wool organization. Every year it produces 15,000,000 pounds of knitting-wool, accompanied by thousands of knitting leaflets. Norbury's employers attach great importance to the knitting-leaflet side of the wool business; they believe, in fact, that the pattern sells the wool.

By keeping the directions extremely simple and fool-proof, Norbury aims to make the hesitant beginner working on her first bed-jacket so successful that she becomes an ardent knitter—and a lifelong customer at the wool-counter. He estimates that the average knitter makes a dozen garments a year, chiefly men's socks, baby-clothes, children's cardigans, gloves and vests.

Sweater Under Shirt

Norbury's instructions are sent to 300 home workers to be tested and knitted. Regularly, he travels around the country, from the Shetlands to Cornwall, visiting these home workers who, he says, are only a small section of the thousands of people who earn extra money by knitting at home. Norbury's assistant, for instance, is one of the knitting Benton family; her married sister keeps house and, after finishing her work, spends some afternoons and most evenings knitting. Helped by her two daughters, aged fourteen and eleven, she swells the family's earnings by £12 a month.

At least seven of his regular knitters are men, and Norbury sees nothing remarkable about that. "After all," he says, "until a few hundred years ago, men did the knitting and women did the spinning. Henry VIII boasted that he could knit a bodice as well as he could unhorse a rival in the jousts." Norbury himself, who is so tired of his knitted sweaters that he wears them hidden under his shirt, always knits on trains and buses, and is used to surprised glances when he takes out his work.

Once, travelling between Manchester and Halifax, and knitting as usual, he noticed that the man sitting opposite him was absorbed in a beautiful piece of tapestry. The tapestry worker turned out to be J. E. Hodgkins, of the Royal Society of Arts, who became so impressed with Norbury's knowledge of his craft that he lost no time in putting his name up for membership of the R.S.A.

Nearly Dropped Stitch

There was one occasion, Norbury admits, when he nearly dropped a stitch, and that was from sheer nerves at his first television appearance. For years it was thought impossible to televise knitting because of the technical difficulty of showing such minute detail as a knitting stitch on the screen. In order to solve this problem, Norbury used huge needles, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and the coarsest of thick wool in contrasting colours, in order to show the pattern clearly on the screen. The enormous mail from television knitting fans pleased the B.B.C., but started a new worry for the knitting trade: they began to worry about women neglecting their knitting while watching TV.

Knitting is estimated as the most popular hobby of today, and Norbury can judge his following by the demand for the fortnightly patterns he offers through the *Daily Herald*. He has just published a book for children which, he says, he has longed to write ever since he taught at a school in Somerset and heatedly disagreed with the teaching methods.

When he is not writing knitting textbooks, lecturing on his pet subject or televising, Norbury travels far afield in search of knitting lore. His most costly venture was an unfruitful trek through Tibet on the trail of a supposedly ancient form of woolcraft. Once, in Newfoundland, when he lost his clothes in a minor shipwreck, the islanders gave him one of their huge pullovers knitted in oiled wool, which he still treasures.

In Unst, he found eighty-seven year old Mrs. Hunter, who sold him a Shetland shawl which he estimates is worth £100 as a piece of traditional knitting, and which she had just completed after four years' work. Up in the Shetlands, too, he discovered Mrs. Maggie Sutherland, who prides herself on coming from a line of fine knitters. Her great-grandmother knitted a shawl for Queen Victoria's coronation, her grandmother made one for Queen Mary, and her mother knits for the Lascelles baby.

Norbury's patterns are translated into many languages, including Arabic, Chinese and Bengali, with a native of the country modelling the garment pictured on the cover.

The photograph on the cover of the leaflet is one of the most important parts of the whole business, for it is the picture that sells the pattern that sells the wool. Only a few photographers successfully picture the garment in

Norbury's designs are usually modelled by Audrey White, the girl who appears with him on TV

every small detail of stitch and pattern, while still managing to keep an attractive naturally posed effect. The studio which photographs Norbury's patterns copes with four garments at a sitting. Models are always difficult to find, especially when glamour is needed for "warm winter combinations for the outsize woman." It is also becoming increasingly difficult to find a fresh supply of brawny male models to pose in cardigans and waistcoats, looking the out-of-door man of every girl's ideal. The photographers drag in friends and acquaintances, and even the window-cleaner or lift attendant has been known to pose in an emergency.

Model's Sweetheart Smile

Girl models, apart from having a rounded, youthful figure, must be unsophisticated. A current favourite sweater model is Sophia Sund, a best-seller because she is the sort of girl that every mother thinks her daughter would look like if she knitted her the sweater in the picture. Sophia, a Swedish girl, must stand still and patient while the garment is smoothed, pulled, padded and pinned till it moulds flat to her form, and the pattern and every stitch show up pin-sharp. Then, to the customary "Deep breath and throw the chest out, dear," Sophia gives her sweetheart smile—and another sweater is ready to lure knitters all over the globe.

Norbury's reputation as the world's greatest knitting expert brings him some queer jobs. His latest task is to identify four fragments of knitting, a few inches square, which have recently been excavated at Lindisfarne. Peering through his thick-lensed spectacles at the pieces, Norbury concluded that one of them was the heel of a sock belonging to a Flemish trader visiting England around 1720.

Judging competitions takes up much of Norbury's time, but one invitation he is looking forward to is to judge the knitting in the annual show at Knutford, Cheshire, the town where he was born, and where, he says, "they always considered me quite mad." It was at school there that he first became keen on knitting.

All the boys and girls were made to knit to keep them quiet. "It didn't matter what we knitted," he recalls, "as long as we knitted hard and didn't talk." So they knitted yards and yards, and then unravelled it all and started over again. Despite his bad eyesight, young James became a fine knitter and, when he was twelve, won first prize in a big international competition. But when it was discovered that the initial on the entry card stood for James, he was disqualified because, said the judge, "Nobody ever considered a boy winning."

Eventually Norbury started to experiment with ideas that were to revolutionize knitwear. His mother worked as a ladies' tailor and, watching her as she fitted the local notabilities, he conceived the idea of shaping the hitherto sacklike knitted jumpers. He worked out patterns with godets and darts moulding the garment so that it fitted the figure as neatly as though his mother had cut it out of her cloth. He suggested, also, the flat seams which she used, to replace the old and bulky method of oversewing the edges together. Especially aiming at slimming lines for stout women, Norbury said he could knit a becoming sweater for even a fifty-inch bust. And that is just what he does today, though he says that "no stout women should wear sweaters, although they always do and always will."

When he was a boy, he told his mother that one day women would wear knitted evening dresses. She smiled patiently and said, "We'll see." This year, English-knit evening and cocktail dresses appear in the Paris collections. Many of these high-fashion knitted garments come from the enormous knitting bee controlled by the Women's Home Industries, a lively branch of the W.V.S. Norbury rates the efforts of pretty, white-haired Constance Gold as epoch-making in Britain's homecraft history.

As queen-bee of five thousand home knitters (who include the Attlee family), she regularly flies over to the United States with samples of men's waistcoats, new-type scarves called "shrugs," bed-jackets, sports socks, twin-sets and elegant knitted suits. These are ordered in such quantities that the legion of knitting-needles clicking throughout the kingdom can hardly keep pace with the ever-increasing demand. Nor dare Constance Gold dream of recruiting more knitters, because when she let it be known that she needed extra help some months ago, she had to take on twenty extra typists to cope with 30,000 applicants, each of whom enclosed sample strips of their knitting.

Made Vest Yards Wide

Perhaps many of the applicants were more attracted by the idea of knitting for export than by the pay, but many others really need the extra money. Norbury has done much to organize standard pay for knitters. Now they are usually paid by the knitted ounce, and the price varies from five shillings an ounce for a difficult pattern down to half a crown an ounce for quick, easy production.

Before publication, all Norbury's instructions are sent for checking to separate knitters, who are paid a guinea to watch carefully for ambiguities and the slightest loophole for error. The whole fate of a knitting leaflet depends on its implicitly clear directions. Norbury has to state precisely "repeat this line from *." He knows that if he merely says, "repeat," he will get thousands of queries. One old woman wrote that she had overlooked a line telling her to decrease, and the vest had turned out to be yards wide.

Mathematicians Are Best

Good checkers, Norbury finds, are not always the best knitters. They are people who are less sure and consequently more careful, he has discovered. He says that most first-class knitters who attain the necessary even tension are people with good mathematical brains, and he supports this by the fact that many of his top-staff women and outside workers are ex-accountants or have worked as book-keepers.

All the girls around Norbury are knitting-conscious; the girl at the reception desk wears the newest style sweater, the girls sorting mail are all sweater-clad, the 2,000 girls working in the huge knitting-wool works are mostly knitting-mad. Although, Norbury explains, it is no condition of employment, an applicant for a job is usually asked if she likes knitting. In fact, it does not seem at all strange to the girls that they all take out their own bit of knitting during tea breaks, and that Norbury's talks on knitting draw better attendances than staff dances.

But not everyone admits that Norbury knows all the answers. The other day, he says, a woman came to his office to discuss a knitting problem. Patiently he listened to her discourse, and then offered the solution. "Now," she said, "will you take me to see someone who knows something about knitting?" THE END

TIGER IN THE SMOKE

by ***MARGERY ALLINGHAM***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Amanda had no idea who the burglar was. Rage overcame her caution as she saw his ruinous work

GEOFFREY LEVETT had seen a man kicked to death. Immediately after, he had seen little else; knocked unconscious, he had awakened to find himself in a wheel-chair propelled in the middle of a band of street musicians. It took a few minutes for memory to function. When it did, he realized the seriousness of his position. . . .

The extraordinary affair had started when he had accompanied his fiancée, Meg Elginbrodde, to a railway station to meet an anonymous correspondent. She had been receiving a series of street photographs, apparently of Martin Elginbrodde, her dead husband.

The correspondent, as Geoffrey now knew, was a man called Duds Morrison, a small-time crook recently released from jail. Impersonating Elginbrodde, he had been chased and caught by Meg's cousin, gentle Albert Campion, the criminologist, and Chief Inspector Charlie Luke. When they released him for lack of evidence, Geoffrey, waiting outside the police station, invited the man to a pub and tried to get him to talk.

Frightened by the noise of a street band, the man had run away, and, following him, Geoffrey had been in time to see the band attacking him. He heard the final, sickening thud before he was himself knocked unconscious, and, trussed in the wheelchair, taken to the cellar where they lived.

There, he learned more of the story. Duds was the accomplice of Jack Havoc, a notorious criminal who had that day escaped from jail. Havoc and some of the gang had formed part of the company led by Elginbrodde which had raided a house on the French coast during the war. Elginbrodde said there was treasure there. It was because they thought Havoc had stolen a march on them in finding the treasure that the gang had sought him. The murder of Duds had been accidental.

Meanwhile, in fogbound London, the hunt for Havoc continued, but with increased urgency. Three people had been found neatly and expertly stabbed to death in the ransacked office of a firm of solicitors—Meg Elginbrodde's solicitors. . . .

And at her home in St. Petersgate Square, Meg waited anxiously for news of Geoffrey. With her was Amanda, Campion's wife.

PART 4

The Man Below

ONE of the most pleasant things about Amanda was that she had never lost that rustic outlook which regards the wildest illogicalities of human emotional behaviour as perfectly normal and nothing to make a fuss about. Therefore, when poor Meg in her wretchedness proposed to drag her out at past eleven o'clock at night to inspect the partly furnished bridal house in which even the power was not yet connected, it struck her as the most natural and sensible move in the world.

She was relieved that it was no farther away than the other side of the square, but she would have gone out to the suburbs quite cheerfully had she been asked.

On inspection, the house proved to be a delightful place. Even when seen in the beam of torches held in very cold hands, it displayed enormous charm.

They had peeped at the "Edwardian" bedroom with the flower-show paper and Honiton bedspread, and the bathroom off it which was like a comfortable lily-pool, and had come at last to the object of the exercise, Meg's own studio at the top of the house, severly utilitarian and not yet furnished. A quantity of Meg's personal belongings, still to be unpacked, was stacked round the pale walls.

MEG gave up pretending suddenly and dropped to her knees before one small sacking-wrapped bundle. She looked very young indeed, crouching there, her soft fur coat trailing in the dust behind her and her sleek, fair head bent intently as she unfolded the hessian.

"I wanted to find these and burn them," she said without looking up. "I wanted to do it at once, right away, tonight. They're only Martin's letters. That's why I've dragged you out, though. Do you mind?"

"Not at all." Amanda sounded infinitely reasonable. "Jolly sensible of you. There always is a moment when one makes up one's mind about these things, and then it's much tidier to act at once."

"That's what I thought." Meg had uncovered a small nest of drawers in a battered Italian leather case and was emptying them hastily on to a sheet of packing paper. "I've been feeling vaguely guilty about these for months. Then tonight, when I was thinking about Geoff, and —well, needing him I suppose—it suddenly seemed terribly important that they shouldn't stay in his—I mean our—house, even for a night. Do you think I'm being hysterical? I am rather, I suppose."

"If you are, I don't see it matters." Amanda had seated herself on a box of books and seemed perfectly content to stay there all night, should nothing more than ordinary politeness demand it.

As the neat packages of letters, most of them photostats from the desert, were piled on the brown paper, something hard and bright fell out from among them. Meg held it to the light.

"Oh," she said slowly, "yes, I suppose I ought to keep that. There was something

Amanda saw the flash of th

awfully queer about it, a secret, something to do with the war."

She handed the discovery to the other woman. It was a miniature, a girl's smiling face in a gilt frame.

"How beautiful!" Amanda shone her torch on the painting. "Carolean. I think this must be the original setting, don't you?"

"Perhaps it is." Meg spoke wonderingly. "Martin gave it to me a few weeks before he went overseas for the last time."

Her voice sounded youthful in the half dark.

"Martin came in one night, tired and sort of excited, and just pulled it out of his pocket wrapped up in a dirty handkerchief. I said something about loot and he laughed, and I was rather shocked, and then in the next breath he told me he remembered looking at this through the glass of a cabinet when he was a child, and how he always thought it must be Nell Gwyn because she was laughing." She paused and added thoughtfully, "I often wondered if he could have gone back to Ste. Odile somehow when the place was occupied. That sort of incredible thing

knife in the man's hand as he hacked away at the little cabinet, and felt suddenly very cold. She recognized the unmistakable air of pursuit about him

did happen. It was right on the coast, almost in the sea."

"Ste. Odile? His grandmother's house?"

"Yes, she had to clear out very quickly at the beginning of the war. She died down in Nice just before he was lost. We didn't know that, though, until long afterwards."

Amanda returned the miniature. "What happened to the house?"

"Oh, it's still there, deserted but almost intact. I had to go over and see it some time ago. Martin had left a will with a firm of solicitors here in Grove Road, which was full of the most specific instructions. For some reason he was terribly anxious that the *contents* of the house should come to me eventually. He didn't seem to mind about the building itself, but everything inside bothered him enormously. Smith, that's the solicitor, told me he thought there must once have been something of great value there, or something Martin set great store by, although he wouldn't define it. It was left so that when I went over I could claim everything movable, garden tools, flower-pots, everything. But, of course, the place had been pretty well ransacked by that time."

"How sad," said Amanda. "Was it a pleasant place?"

"It may have been once." The young voice had a shiver in it. "But it was beastly when I saw it. Something horrible had happened there in the war. The locals were very discreet and maddeningly vague, but some enemy bigwig—a backroom boy, I fancy—had installed a mistress there, and one night either they killed themselves or were murdered, and there was hell to pay afterwards—trials and tortures and heaven knows what. The place was stripped even of anything interesting, let alone valuable, and there had been a fire in one room. I didn't like it and I was awfully glad Martin never saw it like that. He loved it when he was a child."

She was scrambling to her feet with the parcel of letters in her arms, when a thin brown hand cut into her shoulder and held her still.

"Wait," whispered Amanda. "Listen. Someone has just come into the house."

For a moment they held their breath. Beneath them the dark building lay quiet, shrouded tightly in the damp swaddlings of the fog. There were no faraway sounds from the city. The street outside was deserted, and the mists made an insulating blanket, cutting them off from the world.

It was the draught Amanda had noticed first. It crept up from below, chill from the outside air. The sounds came later, a swift patter of feet, a door opening cautiously, the nervous ring of metal, the squeak of a chair on the parquet.

They waited. The sounds grew and came closer. Someone was stumbling through the house with a restless, fumbling eagerness, looking for something. They became aware of anxiety, exasperation and haste. The sense of urgency was violent. It reached up to them through the dark, unmistakable and frightening.

"Ought we to go down?" Meg's whisper sounded breathless in the cold, airless room.

"Where's the fire escape?"

"Just behind us. On this window."

"Could you get down to the next house and

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call the police? You mustn't make a sound or he'll hear you. Meg, could you?"

"I think so. What about you?"

"Hush. Try. See if you can. Now." Amanda gave her shoulder a little push. "Shut the window after you and—not a sound."

Meg did not hesitate. The window was a new steel one and opened easily. Amanda saw her dark figure silhouetted against its pallid square of light for an instant. Then she was gone.

The other girl remained where she was, listening. She heard the faint whine of the drawing-room door hinge, and a single step on the wood. Then there was a long silence, followed by a movement in the bedroom immediately below her. The intruder must have come up the stairs without her hearing a sound. She stifled her breath and was aware of her own heartbeats.

SUDDENLY she heard him again, very close this time. He ran up the first few steps of the attic stairs outside and paused. A thin pencil of light ran under the closed door of the room in which she sat. It touched her foot and vanished, and there was silence again. Very slowly she rose and stood waiting.

He went back. She heard him distinctly. He had decided that the top floor was unused. After a long interval she heard him down in the hall again.

Amanda considered the fire escape but changed her mind. The police would respond to Meg's call immediately, but the fog was very thick and might delay them. It seemed a pity that the burglar should get away without being seen. She decided to go down.

Once having made up her mind, Amanda crept over to the door. The first flight of stairs seemed to promise the only difficulty, since the boards were bare and newly stained, but she let the balusters take her weight and moved gently, feeling her way.

On the first landing it was very dark. The bedroom doors were closed and the small circular window little more than a blur, but she remembered the design of the house, and, by following the wall, came softly to the top of the graceful winding stairs. Her over-confidence was almost her undoing. She put out her hand for the newel post, missed it, and regained her balance only just in time. Hovering, one foot down, her hand feeling for the rail, she heard him once more.

He was in the little study, whose door was immediately to the right at the foot of the stairs. She heard the unmistakable scratch of a match in the inner room, and a flicker of grey appeared in the black of the wall.

A trickle of fear touched her, but she ignored it resolutely. Her hand found the rail and she took another step or two down and came under the level of the upper floor. The study door was wide open and through it candle light crept out across the hall to touch the bright casing of a Kandy chest and the pool of a looking-glass.

Amanda edged forward. The burglar was very busy. He was still taking care to make no unnecessary noise, but he was hurrying and at last she recognized the element which had been puzzling her from the beginning. It was an impression of pursuit. Now that she saw it she could feel it distinctly. It was as though the whole house was running away from forces descending upon it rapidly from outside. Yet from beyond the walls there was no sound at all. The fog pressed round the elegant stucco box, drowning it utterly.

One more step brought her flat against the rounded wall just above the open door, and, glancing across the hall, she saw that a patch of the room was reflected in the looking-glass. The first thing she made out was the candle. It was a long green taper which had been set with three others in a gilt sconce on the farther wall. The newcomer had taken it down and it now lolled drunkenly in a vase, dripping hot wax recklessly on the polished surface of a Sheraton desk which occupied the centre of the little room.

REALIZATION that the shadow between her and the rest of the picture was the man himself took her some seconds. He had his back to her and was wrestling with something on the desk. She could not see it, but she guessed it was the spice cabinet which Meg had shown her with such pride, bewailing the fact that the key had been mislaid so that she could not display its fittings. It was a charming affair made of mahogany and inlaid with ivory, and was to stand on the desk to hold notepaper. The burglar appeared to be wrenching it apart. She heard the scrape and splinter of the wood.

Sudden rage at the wanton destruction of the pretty thing swept over her and she opened her mouth to protest. The words were almost out when a question shot into her mind and stayed there. What was he opening the thing with? She was never certain if she saw the knife, if it caught the light and flashed in the mirror, or if she merely heard the blade biting into the fragile wood, but the words died on her lips and she was suddenly very cold.

With a final squeal of protest, the tiny doors of the cabinet split open. In the looking-glass she saw the man's shadow contracted and then grow large, and she heard his intake of angry breath. Then the empty ruined toy shot through the door into the hall at her feet, and immediately the whole world became alive with noise.

The hammering on the front door was like a roll of thunder. There was an echo of it below in the basement, and the shriek of a window flying up somewhere at the back. From all sides came the sounds of feet and the unmistakable voices of police demanding admittance.

Close to Amanda in the heart of the sudden storm, there was brief but utter silence. Then the candle went out, vase and all were swept from the desk, and the stranger came out.

She did not see him but he passed so close that he brushed against her in the whirlwind dark. She caught something of him in that moment, fear and recklessness and a violence which was new in her experience. He fled past her up the stairs, bolting like some huge animal, fleet and silent, into the house above.

After that it was pandemonium.

MR. CAMPION found his wife huddled against the wall on the bottom stair, clutching a broken box like a child on a kerbstone, while the thunder of police boots and the flash of police torches made traffic above and around her.

He jerked her to her feet and drew her roughly into the comparative safety of the study doorway.

"How damned silly!" he exclaimed irritably. "Really, ducky, how damned silly!"

Amanda was too experienced a wife to take the outburst as anything but a compliment, but she was very startled to see him at all. For the first time it occurred to her that this avalanche of official aid could hardly be merely the outcome of Meg's telephone call.

Dozens of men appeared to be stampeding through the house. The noise was outrageous, and, to a relieved onlooker, slightly funny, Amanda laughed.

"What has the poor man got? The Crown Jewels?"

Campion looked down at her. In the torch beam she saw his eyes round and dark behind his spectacles.

"No, my addle-pated girl," he said. "He's got a knife." His arm tightened again. "Oh, my God, you are an idiot! Why didn't you come out with Meg? It was because you were in here that we had to rush him. Left alone, he would have walked into the arms of the regulars waiting outside."

"You got Meg's call then?"

"Good heavens, no!" He was contemptuous. "We came up just as she reached the ground. Don't you understand, my dear? It's so simple. The moment Luke talked to the solicitor we all began to see daylight. A man was sent down to watch the rectory and another to keep an eye on this place. Their two reports came in almost simultaneously. Naturally we were half out of our minds. We thought you must walk in on the fellow. As it happened, it was the other way round. While you were pottering through the house like a couple of lunatics, he was forcing a basement window. He must have arrived just after you came in. Our man out here missed you completely."

Campion produced his lighter, but he did not let go of her arm, as he lit the three tapers on the wall. He stood surveying the wreckage of the pretty room, with his arm across her back.

Amanda considered the damage, her brown eyes pitying.

"What a shame! And also silly. There was

Continued on page 27

Edward Cordery shows a Canadian broadcaster, Monica Mugan, round Prince Philip's lounge aboard *Gothic*. The desk came from the Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*

Purser on the Royal Run

by DAVID CLAYTON

He has a "very special job"—keeping everybody happy aboard *Gothic* as she carries Elizabeth and Philip to the Antipodes

IN PURSER EDWARD CORDERY'S quarters just above the Royal ante-room aboard *Gothic*, as she carries the Royal party towards Australia and New Zealand, stand three treasured photographs.

One is of his wife and their eleven-year-old daughter Caerys, in their semi-detached home in North Cheam, Surrey, which Purser Cordery sees for fewer than ten weeks every year. Near this picture stands one of *Dominion Monarch*, which, to thousands of travelling Australians and New Zealanders, is more important than any other ship in the world because it is a link between the Antipodes and "home." Cordery had served in the ship ever since her maiden voyage—until, as chief purser of the line, he was transferred to the "very special job" in *Gothic*—and he has come to be known as "The Monarch."

Lastly, there is the signed photograph of the Archbishop of Canterbury in his robes aboard *Dominion Monarch*, taken during his last voyage to Australia. "My most eminent parishioner—to date," says Cordery, who for twenty years has been conducting Divine Service aboard his ship, sharp at ten thirty every Sunday morning at sea.

"The Archbishop," he explains with pride, "attended every service I held during that run, and on two occasions he asked to be allowed to read the lessons. I like to think that I am the only man alive who has had the Archbishop of Canterbury as an 'assistant.'"

There will be many changes in Purser Cordery's routine and duties during the "Royal run," but one thing is certain. Shortly after ten thirty every Sunday morning for the next few weeks, he will step to a lectern aboard *Gothic* and in his quiet voice read the lesson to a congregation which will include Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.

"In forty years," one of his staff said recently, "'The Monarch' has seen everything that should or shouldn't happen at sea. The boatload this time is an official one, with plenty of expert opinion aboard to give the answer to any knotty problem that comes up, but we know that sooner or later, to sort it all out, the purser's office will be the place they'll visit."

The purser's office aboard ship has been described as a combination of bank, counting-house, post office, cable office and consulting room for every passenger with a complaint that the ship's doctor has no cure for.

Until the ship reached Mombasa to pick up the Royal couple, *Gothic*, with Royal apartments empty, and ordinary paying passengers in the cabins now occupied by the Royal staff, was the mixture as before for Purser Cordery.

Shortly after breakfast, the stewards brought their bar takings of the previous night for banking, and Cordery's "writer," Frank Brown, opened up the grille to receive cables for dispatch, sell stamps, change money, answer questions and listen to complaints. Purser Cordery, in common with other pursers on the seven seas, has long ago ceased to be surprised at anything he is asked, including the request from the inevitable fussy person who wants to change cabins "because I like to travel with my back to the engines."

Diplomatic Selection

Even after Mombasa, with an itinerary so well publicised as to dates that half the world must know it, he expects at least half a dozen queries starting "When do we arrive . . . ?" from people who should know better.

As usual, too, he has decided to form a recreation committee to run deck tennis and quoits tournaments, "horse" races, sweepstakes, fancy-dress parties and the traditional ship's concert at the end of the run, when the number of applications to sing, dance, conjure or give impressions of film stars, takes some diplomatic weeding out.

No purser in all the long history of the Merchant Navy has ever yet been able to keep off the committee the inevitable hearty passenger—the kind of person who looks upon it as a heaven-sent mission to draw everybody into social activities whether they want to or not. Purser Cordery, with a diplomatic lift of the eyebrows, has implied that in this respect the Royal run will be no different from any other; he has his own secret methods.

"It's just a matter of sizing up who wants to be left alone in a deckchair with a good book, and who wants to try to outdo everybody else as the life and soul of the party," is all he will say by way of explanation, adding: "You can't define it—you just seem to know."

Early in his working day the purser will find time to confer with his colleague, Chief Steward Smith, of Liverpool, to talk over the menus. In the purser's office there is a detailed report of Royal preferences in food which Smith, a veteran of *Altmark*, compiled after a two-day conference with the Royal chefs at Clarence House. He has duly noted that Princess Elizabeth rarely takes soup or hors-d'œuvres, and that neither she nor the Duke is fond of fish. One paragraph begins: "Sponge cake is always a favourite for tea."

Look Out For Stowaways

On the Royal run, as usual, Purser Cordery will parade for ship's inspection with Captain A. V. Richardson, Chief Officer H. Anderson, Chief Steward Smith and Surgeon-Commander P. Brownlees, the ship's doctor, to inspect quarters and see that everything is spick and span and if it is not, to call someone to account for it.

On these almost ceremonial rounds, Purser Cordery usually keeps a sharp lookout for possible stowaways, though, with the strict security measures aboard *Gothic*, he expects no trouble on this account.

Like most pursers, Cordery feels that he could write a book on *Stowaways and Their Ways*. He has kept no count of the people who have found

their way to his office after a few days out to report, sometimes timidly, sometimes arrogantly, that they fell asleep in a lifeboat just five minutes before the ship sailed, but he feels it must run well into three figures over the years.

His staff has now come to the conclusion that he has some sixth sense for smelling out a stowaway. "'The Monarch' seems to get a feeling that there is someone around who doesn't appear on his passenger list," one of his writers said recently. "He goes moving around quietly, looking at everything that's going on. Like all pursers, he's got his own grapevine for information aboard ship, and sooner or later he gets his man. And nobody I know has yet complained that he doesn't get a square deal. 'The Monarch' can be very tough, but he's always fair."

If any purser afloat can be said to have such a thing as a favourite stowaway, Cordery feels that his particular one was the personable young man who, on the Australia run five years ago, was regarded as an odds-on favourite for the deck tennis finals by the time the ship was nearing Ceylon.

Then, his intuition coming into play as usual, Cordery suddenly had the feeling that the young man was a stowaway. He confessed immediately, but made one request. "I want you to let me pull off the tennis finals. I've backed myself heavily to win—on credit. If I make it, then I can pay my passage. Is it a deal?"

Cordery, who believes that a man in his job should hear all, see all and tell nothing, is reticent about his reply. His only comment is: "He was a very, very good player indeed."

With the Royal Marine Band on board, the fancy dress party (there will be no dance on this run owing to shortage of partners) should be an ornate affair. Once again it will be Purser Cordery's task to fill last-minute demands for fezes, top hats, cowboys' suits and a complete set of feminine wear for the ever-present male passenger who is confident that he can carry off the first prize dressed as Charley's Aunt.

The purser is looking forward to all this and to much more—but most of all he is looking forward to the ten thirty service on Sunday mornings. Of all his multifarious duties as the man behind the scenes who will keep everybody happy, it has been his favourite since he left Fulham at the age of eighteen to go to sea.

At Southampton before the run started, while he was showing visitors the picture of his eminent "parishioner," the Archbishop, someone asked him his main ambition.

Cordery thought for a moment, and then said quietly: "I think I would like a picture like that of my two new 'parishioners.' I would feel a very proud man if that happened." THE END

HOW SIR ALFRED DIED

Continued from page 15

pasture every afternoon on his way to Mr. Holmes's, with the fox-terrier barking and racing on the safe side of the fence, and Sir Alfred brandishing his cane and shouting to her to come to heel, and between them exciting the Brahma all the more.

"I'll keep Mary," I said, and then I asked again: "Do you want me to go into town with you tomorrow, sir?" And he nodded and, lifting his glass, finished the drink in it. "Yes," he said, setting the glass down. "Yes, please." And after another pause he said: "By the way, I have spoken to George Singh."

"Sir?" I said, turning to look at him.

"Yes. I decided it was the fair thing to do. I told him that I had sufficient proof to put him in jail. But I said that I didn't want to do that. I told him he could have another chance. After all," said Sir Alfred, staring over the tops of the trees to where the mist was rising, "after all, it's up to him, isn't it? I mean, he has this infernal opinion of himself."

Now, my excitement was so strong that my voice shook when I asked: "What did George say, sir, when you spoke to him?"

"There wasn't much he could say. He asked whether anyone else knew what I knew, and I told him that I believed not. But that was before I told you. You think I made a mistake in facing him with it?"

"George is a proud man, sir."

"Not too proud to be a thief," said Sir Alfred. He stopped again and patted the dog. "Not too proud to be a thief, Mary. You be good and stay here with Frank, old girl."

No, not too proud to be a thief, but proud enough to need the extra money for those expensive tastes, and to afford the style which he found indispensable to his pride. I wondered whether this side of it had escaped Sir Alfred, and then when he spoke again I realized that it had not escaped him. He said: "It's not pride, Frank. It's shame. There is a difference."

Was there, I wondered? And a kind of fear crawled like an insect across my scalp. I knew how the mixture in George might react to such a thing as this, that to add shame on shame would not total up to a higher pride, and that it might have been better to have sent him to jail. But before I could speak I found that what had been passing through my mind was already known to Sir Alfred. He said: "I do not consider myself responsible for George Singh's peculiarities."

I said hesitatingly: "I don't believe that George. . . ."

"You don't believe that George suffers from his peculiarities?" And as I still hesitated, not knowing how to explain just what I did mean—that George's pride was a complicated thing belonging only to George—Sir Alfred said: "I have treated him as an equal by offering him an equal responsibility. What more does he expect?"

He picked up his leather-topped cane and said: "Hold Mary, won't you? I can't control her when she sees the bull."

He went down the steps, and, with the dog whining and struggling in my arms, I saw George Singh walking slowly across the second pasture towards the gate which connected the two.

MARY became so unmanageable that I decided to lock her up in Sir Alfred's bedroom, and when I'd done that and left her there scratching at the door and whining, I went to the kitchen to have a chat with Mrs. Penny, the cook.

As we were talking we heard a commotion in the distance. The sounds were short, half-suppressed bursts which I recognized as the angry snorting of a bull.

"It's the Brahma after that dog," said Mrs. Penny, who was standing by the stove pouring herself a cup of tea. "She excites him so that I expect he'll go clean through the barbed wire one of these days."

I told her that I'd locked the dog in the bedroom, and as I spoke I left the kitchen and went out on to the terrace which is at the top of the path which Sir Alfred had taken, and when I came into the clear I saw the Brahma just as it rammed against the gate, which swung open before it, and I saw it make straight for Sir Alfred, who, by this time, was half way across the pasture.

The thought raced through my mind that, though old, he might still have tried to reach one of the gates and succeeded in getting through it before the bull caught him.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see George Singh standing beside the gate through which the bull had passed, and then he had slipped inside it, into the first pasture, just after the bull bored its way out into the second. The bull seemed not even to see George.

I shouted to Mrs. Penny to find the gardener and the boy who cared for the pigs, to get hay forks and to bring lighted pitch, and then I began to run down the path towards the pasture.

Sir Alfred had seen the bull coming and he turned and faced it. He faced it and stood when any other man on earth would have run. He might have saved himself by running, or his dog might have saved him—nothing else could have. But he stood with his back to the barbed wire, and as the bull reached him I saw him raise his cane and strike it across the head; then he was down, then he was tossed upon the wire and lifted off again by the bull's horns, then thrown into the dust and gored, and all the speed and strength and cunning of that cross-bred brute went into the killing, so that when we got there—George Singh and I and half a dozen other men with forks and great torches of lighted pitch—and drove the Brahma away and back into its own pasture, Sir Alfred must have been dead ten minutes. And when I lifted him in my arms he seemed light, and unlike a human body at all, and there was that look on his face—if one can call such a thing a look, which I cannot, even now, describe or explain.

THE house is quiet this afternoon. All kinds of thoughts pass through my mind. I wonder what thoughts are passing through the mind of George Singh.

He has said he could not understand how the bull can have got out. He couldn't understand, either, he said, why the bull hadn't attacked him, standing as he had been within a yard of the gate at the time. But that is easy enough to explain—the Brahma had been watching Sir Alfred for months and its attention was fixed on him and on nothing else. Again and again people have returned to the first question: But the gate. . . . How did the gate come unlatched? No one knows. It was an accident. Such things happen.

Well, I think I understand these matters well enough. But there is one thing that puzzles me, and it will probably puzzle me for the rest of my life. How could it be that George Singh knew Sir Alfred so well as to guess that he would never run, that he would stand and meet the bull with nothing more than that light cane in his hand? THE END

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FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

I AM making believe here that I am by the seaside. Really, I was in the photographer's studio, but I thoroughly enjoyed the pretence, even at the age of four. Acting was an important part of the childhood of both my brother, Russell, and myself.

Our first stage was the nursery table, but as the nurse objected—she said she wouldn't eat off a place where people's boots had been—we stripped the spare-room bed and laid the extra leaves of the dining-room table on it. There we acted a play we wrote which, to make a virtue out of the necessity of our shaky stage, included an earthquake.

When mother saw what we were doing to her bed, we were allowed to use the boxroom, and our first play there was called *The Great Thunderstorm of Central Africa*. As there were only candles, I had to request the audience to blink rapidly during the thunderstorm to get the effect of lightning.

My father was a clergyman in Rochester, Kent, and we were later allowed to act in the parish room. I am afraid we were rather sacrilegious, but we couldn't stand the face of St. Paul in a print on the wall. So one day we hung it on the clothes line and riddled it all over with an air-gun. When

father saw it he said: "Whatever has happened to St. Paul?" I answered: "Must have got the moth in him."

I trained to be a pianist, and when I was eleven went to London to play in a concert. I was too frightened to go on, and a more experienced artist had to whisper in my ear: "There's a dear old man in the front row who loves music and loves little girls. You must just play to him and you'll be all right." It was a valuable lesson in overcoming stage fright.

By the time I was sixteen I was giving lessons, but a painful bump appeared on my wrist. I had to stop practising and, finally, playing. And at last my brother and I managed to convince our parents to send us to dramatic school.

Today she is one of the most famous actresses on the stage. *For her name turn to page 34.*

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DAUGHTER FOR THE CAPTAIN

Continued from page 7

before. There was a note of urgency in it that came clearly to them. Harman found himself biting his nails. He had never before heard a gong in mid-Atlantic. He moved the telegraph to "Slow Ahead."

"Port twenty!" he called to the man at the wheel. To the third mate he said: "Take the cover off the searchlight and make sure its working. We might need it."

He did not blow long blasts on the whistle now. He blew it in short, inquiring yelps, and each yelp was answered by the beating of the gong.

Another figure in oilskins appeared silently beside him and he saw that it was the chief officer. When the chief officer heard the sound he said: "It's like someone banging a toy drum. That's a hell of a noise to be making in the middle of the night."

For a while they lost the sound. Harman brought the ship round to port and, with engines stopped, let her drift down to where they had last heard it. The beam of the searchlight quested to and fro, spreading itself against the curtain of rain.

Then the third mate cried excitedly: "There it is!"

The searchlight swung again, and stopped in a patch of glistening darkness. Harman edged the ship round towards it and the third mate shouted again: "There! A boat, or a wreck. A wreck, I think!"

The curtain of rain seemed to lift to reveal it. It was a boat, but not a ship's open lifeboat as they had expected. It was decked over, a sailing boat of some kind, with an open cockpit aft. Amidships there was the stump of a broken mast; and alongside, hanging from the boat, a tangle of rigging and wreckage. The boat lay heavily in the water and lifted sluggishly to the sea like a dead thing.

Only in the cockpit of the boat was there life, a human being, oilskinned, crouching. Every few seconds an arm lifted slowly and beat with a hammer or some tool on a suspended oil drum.

Harman shouted through a megaphone: "Ahoy there! Stand by to take a line!"

THE figure stopped banging but did not rise. A white face showed in the glare of the searchlight. If it spoke, rain drowned the voice.

Harman said to the chief officer: "Go down on deck. You'll have to send a man down to it."

Almost all the crew of the ship were on deck. The boatswain had rigged a rope ladder and lifelines in readiness. "I shall want a volunteer to go down," the chief officer said.

A sailor who had been making the rope ladder fast to the rail climbed over and stood on the first rung of the ladder, hanging out from the rail and waiting. The chief officer glanced at him and nodded assent. "Wait till she rolls," he said.

He flung a line over the boat, but the figure in the cockpit did not move to take it. Then the ship rolled over the boat and the sailor dropped off the rope ladder and pitched on to the deck of the boat as neatly as a cat. He grabbed the rope the mate had thrown and hitched it round the stump of the mast. When he had done that he went aft to the cockpit.

He stooped over the crouching figure. Then, straightening himself suddenly and, looking up at the ship, he croaked: "Blimey, it's a girl!"

Half a dozen men climbed on the rail and would have jumped, but the mate called: "One more's enough!" and the man nearest the ladder went down.

The first sailor had gone into the boat's cabin. He came out again looking scared. He pointed behind him and shouted: "There's a man in there! He's about done for!"

They hauled the girl aboard the ship in a cargo sling. She was too weak to stand, let alone jump for and climb the ladder. When they had her on board she sat on deck and stared at them with big eyes. The men stood back from her, pretending they were not even looking at her. But they did look, and saw that she was only a child, possibly fifteen. The steward wrapped her in a blanket and carried her away.

AFTER sending the sling down again, the two sailors carried the sick man out of the cabin and put him in it. They lashed him to a small spar to keep him straight. "Broken bones somewhere," one of them cried. "Take it easy!"

The men were not scared of him as they had been of the girl. They fussed over him and carried him to the cabin the steward showed them. He was unconscious.

"Make sure there is no one else," Harman called from the bridge, and the mate went down the ladder, glad of the excuse.

When he returned to the ship's bridge he reported: "Swept fore and aft, inside and out. The water is up to the cabin berths. She's about breaking up, I'd say. There wasn't anything worth bringing away except this." He handed Harman a package wrapped in yellow oilskin. "Ship's papers, maybe. It was under the man's mattress."

Harman took the package and went down to see his passengers. He went to the man first; he was in a bad way, the steward said.

He was a little man, probably in his fifties. He was nearly bald and there was a nasty cut on his head. He was so thin that all his ribs showed and the steward said he had counted three of them broken. One of his legs was smashed and the foot black and swollen.

"Near starving, as well as smashed up," the steward said.

He was still unconscious. There was nothing they could do except clean him and strap his bones together.

"I'll radio for a doctor," Harman said. The nearest passenger ship, he thought, was 500 miles away. Then he went to look at the girl.

It was her eyes that he saw first, last, and most of the time. They were brown and huge, and seemed

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Let bygones . . .

EVERYONE has some skeletons shut up in a cupboard. They may be broken dreams, abandoned hopes, vain regrets—and few of us can resist the temptation to peep at them occasionally.

But "God gave us memory that we might have *roses* in December." So why use that gift to perpetuate past bitternesses? The past is a fact, the present is a problem—but the future is a *promise*.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"Isn't that sweet? He wants you to go"

bigger than her little pinched face. They showed fear. She smiled faintly at the steward, but she was frightened of Harman.

When he sat down by her bunk and asked her if she would tell him about herself and the man, and how they came to be adrift, she whispered that she would try, but it would be better if he asked her father.

Harman said gently: "Your father is very, very ill. I shall have to send a wireless message back home, you know."

She caught her breath at that, then said again that she would try. She told him in a flat, lifeless voice that she and her father were sailing somewhere; it did not matter where the Azores first, and then on. Their name was Jackson; her father Herbert Jackson, she Margaret. They had sailed from Falmouth

"Daddy retired from business and bought the boat," she said, "because he had always wanted adventure."

They had been at sea about a month No, they had not been into any other port. Daddy preferred to stay at sea, and then the weather got bad and they dared not try to make port. In any case, Daddy had slipped and dropped the sextant overboard, and after that their navigation was always doubtful.

She could not remember when they last had fine weather, nor when she last had dry clothes or hot food. For weeks they seemed to have been eating wet biscuits and uncooked cereals

Their tinned stores had been finished a long time ago. They had only one Primus stove, and that got broken. The coal stove in the cabin broke adrift, too; and anyway there was nothing dry enough to burn.

They had to take turns at the tiller day and night. Her muscles burned, she said, with holding the tiller; she used to sit at night crying with the pain of it. But her father was worse. The tiller whipped across and pinned him to the side of the cockpit, and he was horribly sick

The boat had swung round and the sea came on board, but somehow the girl had crawled forward and let go the mainsail. It went overboard, but the boat came up to the wind again Most of the water drained out of the cabin after a while, but nothing ever dried up again

After that, her father was ill most of the time. He fell from the deck into the cockpit and from the cockpit down into the cabin, not once but a dozen times. She used to doze off at the tiller and dream that he had gone overboard and she was alone.

Then the mast went. Daddy had gone forward to do something and he fell over and she went to help him. The boat swung round and the sea went right over her again, and for a long time they were under water—right under When they came up, the mast and sails had gone and her father was bleeding and his leg was twisted under him She got him into the cabin and to bed, and from then on he stayed there all the time.

Sometimes he was raving, but sometimes he was quite sensible—as when he told her to rig up the oil drum She was worried because he could not keep any food down

Then she heard the ship's whistle and she banged on the drum until they heard her. She said she heard the whistle long before she saw the ship's lights. That pleased Harman because it seemed to justify his blowing of the whistle.

He left her then. He said she must try to sleep, and she promised she would—but please would he leave the light on because she was afraid of the dark?

Back in his cabin, Harman opened the oilskin package. It contained the boat's certificate of registry, two identity cards, and a lot of money—so much money that Harman whistled at the amount of it In spite of the oilskin wrapping, the papers were sodden and some of the ink on the identity cards was smudged

Harman examined the identity cards for a long time, and after that spent almost an hour searching through a bundle of English newspapers he had been given in Rio. Before he turned in, he had found what he wanted.

At six o'clock in the morning the steward woke him. "The man is asking for you, sir"

He went down, taking the oilskin package with him. The man's eyes held him the moment he entered the cabin. They were like the girl's, big, and blazing bright; but too bright.

"Fetch the girl," Harman told the steward

The man's hands lay outside the blanket. Harman put the packet into them and the fingers twitched over it, but seemed to thrust it away. The man's lips moved and Harman guessed him to say: "Take it." He put the packet in his pocket.

The steward carried the girl in, wrapped in her blanket. She moaned softly when she saw her father and the steward set her on his bunk She put her head down and touched his forehead with her lips.

The man's eyes wavered towards her, but came back to Harman. The girl took his hand and pressed it to her breast and cried silently. Harman took his other hand and felt for his pulse It was very weak

They remained so for minutes, the man's eyes never leaving Harman's face, the girl crying, and the steward behind, waiting. Then, quite suddenly, the man appeared to gather all his strength. He raised his head

BY APPOINTMENT CORNFLOUR MANUFACTURERS TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

Brown & Polson

'PATENT' CORNFLOUR

For instance, these truly delicious small cakes

MELTING MOMENTS

Beat 3 oz. butter and 1½ oz. sugar till white and creamy Beat one egg well and add it alternately with 4 oz Brown & Polson 'Patent' Cornflour and one level teaspoon Raisley Baking Powder sifted together Add a little milk if necessary to make a fairly soft mixture. Add flavouring if liked Half fill greased tins or baking cases and bake for 15-20 minutes in a fairly hot oven Regulo 6, temperature 425 deg F. Makes about twelve cakes.

Besides cakes, biscuits etc. 'Patent' Cornflour is essential for sweet and savoury sauces.

and HOT CORNFLOUR PUDDING

You need 1, oz Patent Cornflour — or a packet of Flavoured Cornflour 1 oz. sugar 1 pt. milk 1 teaspoon of butter Put Cornflour and sugar together and mix to smooth cream with a little cold milk Put rest on to heat, add mixed powder and stir well Add butter return to heat, bring to boil and boil for 3 minutes, stirring all the time. Serve hot with stewed fruit, honey syrup or jam! If liked, brown the top before serving

+ And 'Patent' Cornflour goes into *Brown & Polson Custard* - that's why it's the smoothest and creamiest you can get.

FOR CUSTARD AS WELL AS CORNFLOUR—ASK FOR

Brown & Polson

"ONE OF COOKERY'S GREATEST NAMES"

BROWN & POLSON LIMITED, WELLINGTON HOUSE, 125/130 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

A LITTLE FLAG A LOT OF FLAVOUR

Economical to the last drop, just the consistency you like and a flavour that will add enjoyment to any meal. A good sauce at the right price . . . stocked by good Grocers everywhere.

Ask for

FLAG SAUCE

of course!

FLAG TOMATO KETCHUP is delicious too!

—they have such a good name

about an inch and his lips moved and he said clearly, staring at Harman: "Look after her. She is. . . ." Then he died.

They buried him that afternoon. The sea was almost smooth and the sky was clearing. The rain was only a memory. Harman read the burial service while the men stood around looking self-conscious and unhappy and averting their eyes from the girl. Some of them sighed, almost with relief, when the hatch board was tilted and the body slid out over the rail. The girl sighed then, too; a queer little fluttering sigh that only Harman heard. It was the first sound she had made during the funeral.

For a while after the burial she wandered about the ship like a small lost ghost. But Harman saw that she was young and strong, and would recover. Once he heard her laugh at some foolery of the men's, and after that he called her to his cabin.

"Your name," he said, "is Jackson."

"Yes," she replied, wondering.

"Not Jerrinson?" He flung the question at her abruptly and she gasped. "How . . . how did you know?"

He showed her the identity cards. "Your father was not a good forger."

She stared at them and murmured: "Oh . . . I didn't know he had done that. I. . . . What will you do?"

He said grimly: "I don't know yet. I want to show you this first." And he spread out before her one of the newspapers from his packet. He pointed to a headline. It read: CASHIER ABSCONDS.

It was the cruellest thing he had ever done; but he did not know that at first. He did not know it until, as she read the paragraph, she cried out like a hurt child: "Oh . . . Daddy . . . Daddy . . ." then buried her face in her hands and sobbed as though her heart would break.

Harman found himself with his arm about her shoulders comforting her. "I am sorry. I thought you would know. I only wanted to show you that I knew."

She lifted a tearful face to him. "No! I never even guessed. He said he wanted to have a new life; he wanted to forget the old, and for people to forget him. He was unhappy—so unhappy. My mother . . . left him, years ago. He was miserable. He said he would change even his name, to forget. Oh, Daddy, Daddy!"

HARMAN comforted her again and when she was quieter showed her the money. "That is some of it," he said. "It was under his mattress in the boat."

She stared at the money, and presently she whispered: "What will you do? Will you tell the police? Will they. . . . Shall I. . . ?"

Harman smiled. "The sins of the fathers upon the children? No, I do not think so. But what shall I do? I don't know. Yes, to begin with I shall do this." He took the identity cards and tore them into pieces. He folded the newspaper about the pieces and dropped the packet out of the porthole. "That disposes of that," he said, wiping his hands together.

He picked up the boat's certificate of registration, but hesitated. "No," he said, "I am too much of a seaman to destroy ship's papers. We must keep that." He put it in his safe, remembered the money and put that with it. "And the money," he said. "That'll have to be returned."

"Yes, of course," she murmured.

Harman sat down at his desk again, facing her. "Well, so much is settled. The problem is, what am I to do about you?"

"I don't know," she said miserably.

"Relations? Friends?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Daddy had no family. My mother's . . . but I hardly know them. I don't even know where she is. She . . . married again, I think. Daddy never spoke of her."

THERE was silence between them; but presently she said: "I suppose I could get a job. I used to look after Daddy, and the house, when I wasn't at school. I could do something like that."

Harman was drumming with his fingers on the desk. He stopped and looked up and asked: "Did you keep chickens?"

"No!" she answered—and then, remembering: "I used to look after the chickens next door when the people were away."

Harman's heart was thumping. He felt like a boy about to propose marriage. It was absurd. He said slowly: "I never had a daughter. I never had a wife, come to that. I was thinking, a few days ago, that in five years' time I should have to retire from the sea, and I didn't much want to. It would be a lonely life ashore, I was thinking. But things would be different if I had a wife—or a daughter. I could retire now, at the end of this voyage, if I wanted to. That was why I asked you about the chickens."

Her eyes were wide with wonder. "You mean . . . me?"

He said awkwardly: "Well, your father did ask me to look after you, and . . . I thought you might do rather well for a daughter. Of course, you don't have to. I wouldn't hold you to my promise. . . ."

She cut in quickly on his stumbling words. "Don't tell me too much. It's all like a dream. I don't know if I'll get over Daddy's death. I know you'll help me to—and that I'd want to do whatever you felt was best."

There was a lump in Harman's throat. He said, a little gruffly: "Well, that's fine then. I hope you like chickens. I'm going to buy a farm."

A smile, the first he had seen, lit up her face. "That would be marvellous."

The lump in Harman's throat seemed bigger. He went to the porthole, looked out for a while, and suddenly something else occurred to him. Chuckling, he turned round. "Lord, my sister Mary will be mad!" he said. "Twenty-five years married, and she never could produce a daughter." THE END

"Goodbye, Mrs. Harcourt. See you next week . . ."

The **family standby** *for* **STOMACH UPSETS**

What a real friend of the family is 'Milk of Magnesia".

Grown-ups' indigestion . . . teen-age acidity . . . the youngster's tummy upsets—'Milk of Magnesia' dispels them all. Baby's 'windigestion' too, is soon put right.

But 'Milk of Magnesia' is more than a pleasant and effective antacid—it acts gently but surely as a laxative as well. A bottle kept handy in the Medicine Cabinet ensures ready relief whenever the need arises.

1 oz. size 1/9 — 12 oz. size 3/6

'Milk of Magnesia'

* REGD. TRADE MARK

Your Friend for Life

"These love scenes have been cut, but they'll look good in the Coming Attractions"

TIGER IN THE SMOKE

Continued from page 20

nothing valuable here yet, no silver or anything."

"He wasn't looking for silver," said Mr. Campion grimly. "He was looking for papers. He didn't find them at the solicitor's office, so he came here. Hallo?"

The last word was directed to the doorway, where a drooping figure in a disgraceful old mackintosh stood hesitating.

"Stanis!" Amanda sounded delighted.

"My dear girl." Assistant Commissioner Stanislaus Oates came forward and surprised them all, including himself, by shaking her hand warmly. "Dear, oh dear," he said, "I'm getting old. D'you know, I didn't like to come in, afraid of what I was going to find. Well, well, young woman, you've frightened us all very badly, you know. Put the fear of hell in us. Good lord, yes. Well, thank God that's over."

He pulled a chair out and sat down. Pushing his hat on the back of his head, he wiped his grey forehead.

Amanda was gratified but surprised. It was nice to know they were all so fond of her, but the relief seemed a little excessive.

"Have they got him?" she demanded.

"Eh? I don't know." He smiled his wintry smile at her. "I'm such a big policeman now, you know, that I hardly know anything that goes on at all. I leave the footwork to the youngsters. It was you I was worrying about. Why did you want to go and look at a house in the middle of the night?"

"Oh, forget her," said Campion testily. "Where's Luke?"

"Skipping about the roofs or halfway down the drain." Oates was returning to his normal gloom.

A FEW moments later Chief Inspector Charles Luke appeared. He came stalking in, coat skirts flying, his fingers rattling the change in his pockets and his diamond eyes glowering.

"Lost him," he announced. "Twenty-five men of various branches, counting five drivers and six senior officials, and what happens? The bloke slides out of the bathroom window, the only one in the house which hadn't got a dick sitting under the sill, and leaps into the fog. He has to jump blind, the night is thick as canteen coffee, and does he kill himself dropping on to the spiked railings round the area? Does he hell!"

At this point he condescended to recognize Amanda for the first time.

"I'm glad you're all right," he said with a brief smile. "Don't worry. It wasn't your fault. We should have lost him anyway, because we underestimated him. We just weren't thinking in his class."

Oates cocked an eye at him. "He observed your man, knew you'd be on your way, took the risk of carrying his project through before you got here, and marked that one window as the one you didn't guard because you'd estimate the drop as unnegotiable."

"Yes," said Luke. "That's right."

"Did anyone see him at all?"

"Two uniformed men saw a shadow and went after it like good 'uns. But he melted. I don't suppose the lady happened to see him?"

"I?" Amanda shook her head regretfully. "No, only as a shadow in the looking-glass. He was in here, you see, and I was out there at the foot of the stairs."

SHE noticed that she was causing a sensation and was deeply puzzled by it.

"I can't describe him either, I'm afraid, because it was so dark. I only saw his back in some sort of rough coat, light buff I think."

"Buff?" They were on to her at once, eager with inquiry.

"I think so. I couldn't swear to it."

"It wasn't a navy raincoat, anyway?"

"No. It was lightish."

"Any hat?"

She hesitated. "I can't remember any brim," she said, "and yet I don't remember any hair either. My impression is that he had a round, tight sort of head. The thing I do remember and the thing I'd know again is the extraordinary atmosphere of the man, if that's the right word. He was urgent, somehow, rather like you, Inspector."

"That's Havoc," exclaimed Oates, highly delighted. "He's an extraordinarily vital animal. He's got force."

Luke hunched his shoulders. "Four murders in my manor since six tonight and the chap jumps quietly out of a ring of us."

Amanda's brown eyes had become wide and horrified.

"That man murdered four people

"This is what I want!"

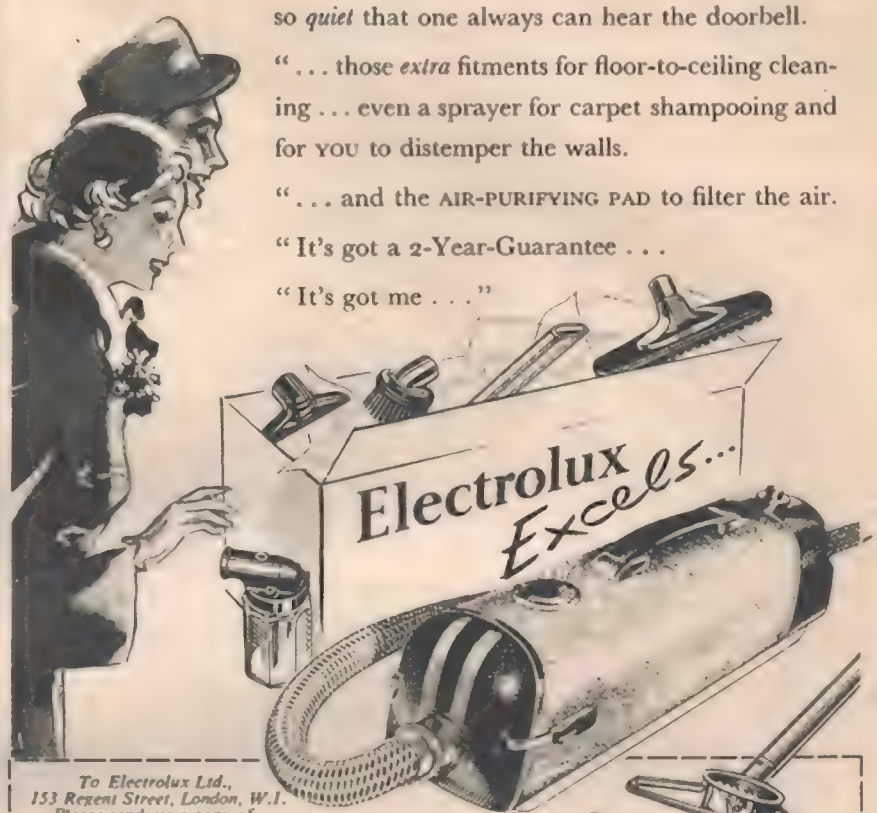
"It's got more suction power. Yet it's so *quiet* that one always can hear the doorbell.

"... those *extra* fitments for floor-to-ceiling cleaning ... even a sprayer for carpet shampooing and for YOU to distemper the walls.

"... and the AIR-PURIFYING PAD to filter the air.

"It's got a 2-Year-Guarantee ...

"It's got me ..."



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Mrs. P. E. Chapman of Bridgeway Cattery, Whitton, Middlesex, who owns "Snowey", says, "Feeding cats to-day is a real problem. The handy tin of Kit-E-Kat makes it easy and economical, and I know my cats are getting a complete food that gives them every scrap of the nourishment they need". Cooked ready to serve, 1/- a tin.

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Enter this great

Jaffa Oranges Competition

1st Prize	TWO 2nd Prizes	THREE 3rd Prizes	1,000 Prizes of
£500	£250	£100	£2

It's fun! It's easy! 1006 people will win cash prizes!

Follow these simple rules

1. Pin your "Picture of Health" (maximum size 10" x 8") to a sheet of plain paper. Write your name and address clearly on the paper and put down in order of merit the *numbers* of the three Jaffa Jingles which you consider first, second and third. The entrant's order of merit must be regarded as prize-worthy by the judges.

2. **Each entry must be accompanied by six wrappers from Jaffa Oranges or Grapefruit. You can send in any number of entries.**

3. Entries should be addressed to Jaffa Competition, Brettenham House, London, W.C.2. The competition closes on March 3rd, 1952. No entry will be accepted after that date. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery. Entries cannot be returned.

4. The decision of the judges on all matters relating to the competition will be final and legally binding. No correspondence relating to the competition can be entered into, neither will responsibility be accepted for any entries lost, damaged or delayed in the post or after delivery.

5. The act of submitting an entry will be taken to mean that the entrant agrees to the rules and conditions of this competition.

6. The prizewinners will be notified by post and the names of the major prizewinners will be published in the Press. No entrant may win more than one prize or share of one prize.

7. Only residents of Great Britain or Northern Ireland are eligible for this competition. Employees of the Citrus Marketing Board of Israel, their advertising agents and members of their families are not eligible for this competition.

Entries will be judged for originality and aptness.

Judges will include: The Israeli Consul, Dame Laura Knight, Miss Anona Winn, Mr. Gilbert Harding, a Harley Street doctor, and a famous photographer.

Here's all you do

to have a go for that £500 first Prize —

Send in a "Picture of Health"* together with what you consider are the three best advertising jingles from the list below. Prizes will go, in order of merit, to the entrants who send in the most original "Pictures of Health" and who, in the opinion of the judges, select the three best advertising jingles.

*Your "Picture of Health" can be a photograph, a picture cut from a newspaper or magazine, or any picture so long as it conveys bounding, boisterous health — the kind of health Jaffa Oranges and Grapefruit help to give you!

You can send in as many entries as you like, providing you pin six Jaffa wrappers to each entry.

No entry fee! Enter as often as you like!

Judge these 'Jaffa Jingles'!

Show your judgment of good advertising by placing in order the three jingles which best express the good qualities of Jaffas.

1 Good King Jaffas are as full as can be
With flavour and juice and vitamin "C".

2 With no pips to choke, so easy to peel,
Jaffas are perfect to round off a meal.

3 They're seedless and juicy, in vitamin wealthy,
No wonder that Jaffas keep kiddies so healthy.

4 Sweet, juicy Jaffas are precious as gold
For warding off chills and that 'regular' cold.

5 Jaffas are juicy and seedless and sweet,
Healthful, delicious to drink or to eat!

6 For pleasing the children and keeping them fit
A wise mother knows juicy Jaffas are "it"!

Enter this grand Competition

Buy your Jaffa Oranges and Grapefruit today

Jaffas for flavour! Jaffas for juice!

"You got it backwards. I wanted thin *toast* and black *coffee*"

tonight? You didn't tell us. Meg and I might have been killed."

Her reaction was so angry, and so exactly an echo of their own earlier performances, that it punctured the emotional tension like a bubble. Mr. Campion began to laugh and Oates joined him. Amanda remained furious, her flaming hair no redder than her cheeks. "Who is he? A maniac?"

"Not if I know it." Luke was softly ferocious. "No psychiatrist is going to get him off through that door. He'll see the inside of the topping shed when I get hold of him."

"And you think you'll get him soon?"

"Luke will get him soon." Oates stirred in his chair. "The animal is trapped," he said. "Nothing can save him. He has a start on us, but now that the machine has gone into action the odds against him are lengthening every hour. By this time his record has been studied. That means that every living soul who has ever been known to have anything to do with him is going to be contacted, questioned, and kept under observation."

He paused and regarded them with cold, grave eyes. "Tomorrow, if he has not been taken, we shall probably offer a reward. An enterprising newspaper will double it at once. After that he'll never be able to trust another living soul."

Luke breathed heavily through his long nose. "Fair enough, but we ought to have taken him tonight. This was our best bet. He'll keep away from Mrs. Elginbrodde and her friends now, whatever he's looking for."

Amanda was astonished. "Why Meg? What is he looking for?"

"Some documents," said Campion. "Something to do with Martin. He went for Martin's file at the solicitor's."

Amanda nodded, but her next question was unfortunate.

"What happened to Geoffrey?"

"You may well ask." Luke's bright eyes were very keen. "Not a murmur from that young man since he went down an alley with a crook who was picked up dead soon after. There's another person who can vanish like smoke."

OUTSIDE, Campion had got Lugg, the Campions' proud and sole permanent retainer, waiting with the car. His lugubrious cockney comments enlivened the journey home, but Amanda remained very silent.

"What about Geoffrey?" she asked at last. "What is he up to?"

"Exactly." Mr. Campion borrowed some of her rug. "What indeed? I don't see eye to eye with Luke exactly, but I wish that young man would have the grace to turn up."

"Just how peculiar does it look?"

Her husband took her hands. "He was certainly with Duds Morrison the last time the man was seen alive, and they were then only a few feet from where the crook was subsequently found dead. From that moment Levett appears to have wandered off and lost interest."

"Where was this?"

He told her briefly, sketching in the story of Havoc's escape and the triple crime at the solicitor's office.

She shivered.

"But Luke doesn't really suspect Geoffrey of kicking Duds Morrison to death, or does he?"

"No. I don't think he does. But he feels, as I do for that matter, that this is no time for Geoffrey to lie low. Why didn't he report his meeting with Duds Morrison?"

"Do you *know* that he went down the path after the man?"

CAMPION pulled the rug closer about his knees before replying. "The inference is that he did. The evidence on that point is rather interesting. The young detective who was stabbed at the solicitor's office had been interviewing the caretaker there when Havoc disturbed them. The detective seems to have been an earnest youth and he had taken down a long statement in his notebook, which he got the old fellow to sign. The old man had stated that he had heard footsteps running down the path which skirts his garden just about the time when Duds and Geoffrey are known to have left The Feathers. He referred to 'the rush of many feet' and 'I heard a number of men.' The detective seems to have queried him but couldn't shake him. It probably means very little but it hardly suggests that only Morrison ran that way, does it? The caretaker appears to have been in the back room all the evening and said he heard no one else in the passageway until there was all the excitement when the police arrived."

He ended on an upward note and hesitated.

"Yes?" encouraged Amanda.

"Well, the other thing is rather ridiculous. Probably hysteria, poor devil, but it looked very strange written down."

"Oh, for Gord's sake!" exploded

How new is a frock?

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* * * *

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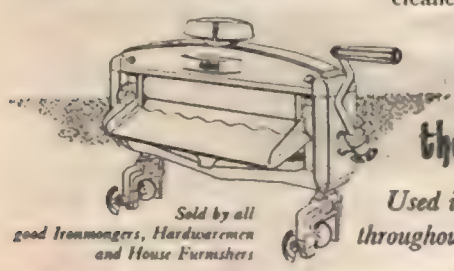

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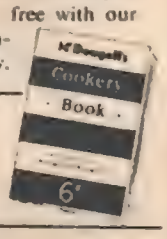

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TO ESCAPE from the hustling, harassing town . . . to idle away the long summer day in rest and relaxation. If only life allowed us more time for some such leisure, how much better we should be both in body and in mind! But our world and time leave little room for the relaxation we all need. No wonder if at times we find that energy flags and that our work takes away the spirit for play, that we smile less readily and frown too soon!

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Mr. Lugg, a misty mountain in the muffled light from the dashboard. "Drivin' this and listenin' to you, it's like being up to me eyes in the creek. What *'ad* the perisher wrote down?"

"The caretaker said he heard chains," said Mr. Campion, stung into baldness. "The precise words were, 'I heard the rattle of heavy chains as the men ran past, which made me wonder.'"

Mr. Lugg grunted. "Was this bloke 'Avoc manacled then?"

"Of course not."

"Chains," said Amanda thoughtfully. "What else sounds like chains, apart from Lugg's gearbox?"

Mr. Campion stiffened at her side. "Money," he said suddenly. "Coins. Coins in one of those heavy wooden collecting boxes."

Through all the excitement of the day, a recollection had come back. He saw again the perambulating group in the gutter and heard the echo of a song, urgent and ferocious.

"I say," he said softly, "I say, it's an outside chance, old lady, but I wonder if I've got something."

GEOFFREY LEVETT lay on the cot farthest from the stove in acute physical misery. He had not surrendered and his overpowering had been a grim business. He was lying in a far corner of the room on a string netting mattressed with the inevitable sacks and covered with a dirty army blanket.

His mouth was no longer sealed. They had given that up when they thought he was suffocating, but they had taught him not to talk. His hands and feet were tied, each with the same cord, which was drawn up with agonizing tightness behind him, and most of his clothes had been removed so that he was cold as well as cramped. The others were keeping well away from him.

By now the cellar was almost quiet. Even the dwarf had ceased his twittering at last, but there was whispering going on all along the wall. It was Doll's achievement. He had got them out of a quarrelling knot and into their beds, but even he could not make them sleep. It was in the small hours long before daylight. The market would not stir for some time yet and lay sodden and filthy just above them, while on all sides the city sprawled, breathing heavily and twitching beneath its grimy counterpane of fog.

In the cellar the man from Tiddington, whose name seemed to be Tiddy Doll, alone was on his feet. He was standing before the stove, peering into its red depths, and he was burning his boots. He went about the task methodically, hacking the solid leather into strips with a snobber's knife and dropping them one by one into the mouth of the iron cylinder. So far it was the only sign of fear he had shown.

Chemists employed by the police can do remarkable things with blood. They can find it in shreds of cloth, in the interstices of floorboards, on the iron of a heel, and can measure it and swear to it and weave it into a rope to hang a man. Tiddy Doll read his newspapers. It was an accomplishment of which he was proud. He had read how the police scientists worked.

Geoffrey could see him in the glow, picking out the nails with a small pair of pliers and dropping each one carefully into his pocket like the cautious countryman he was.

But if Doll was afraid, his terror was prudence compared with the abject quaking which was going on all along the whitewashed wall. The

OH, JOHNNY! — *by TIM*

cellar had become a pit of fear; it was mindless, irresponsible alarm in men who would have been pitiable had they not possessed that streak of cruelty which is unforgivable in the weakest. Not one was trustworthy. Not one could be relied upon not to give both his friends and himself away at the slightest outside pressure.

In the earlier part of the night Geoffrey had had an opportunity to learn something of the company which the albino had collected about him, and although at first sight it had seemed some physical peculiarity or defect which they all possessed in common, he had soon realized that the true bond between them was the shiftless dependence which made them beggars. Roly, Tom, and possibly Doll were the only exceptions, and they had no illusions about the rest. Doll had let Roly out, taking the risk because he figured the man had more to lose in flight than to gain. The ex-fisherman had gone down the dark alleys into Fleet Street to pick up a morning paper as soon as the damp piles of newsprint should shoot out to the waiting vans. He had also agreed to bring back some food. There had been wrangling over that already and there would be more tomorrow when the full weight of the situation was recognized by all.

Doll and Roly were now in a position in which they could not afford to let any of the others out of their sight. The cellar, with its single staircase, had become a cage. In it they were safe, at any rate from themselves, but there was no means of sustaining life there, and meanwhile they had a prisoner.

Men who have been manhandled sometimes die, and no one who is hiding from one corpse is anxious to find himself shut up with another. It was a situation horrific to anyone who faced it with imagination, and Doll was by no means deficient in that respect. All the same, he continued his task steadily, giving comfort by his quietude to the nervous eyes which watched him from the wall.

Yet behind his deliberate manner, he was hurrying. He needed to get the job done before his only ally came back and saw what he was about. The others did not worry. None of them seemed to realize that he was destroying the only valid proof that he was the particular one among them who was actually guilty of murder. He knew they were whispering about it, but he understood their limitations. The fearful logic of the law had no place in their emotional thinking. He knew what they believed. They thought they held Tiddy Doll in their hands at last and that any one of them, if he could brace himself to do it, could save his own skin with words and swear his leader's life away.

He did not suppose that anyone was contemplating such action yet because he knew that there was not a man among them who would not feel more afraid in the world without him than with him. He realized they just thought they could hang him if it came to it, and were taking comfort from the prospect.

He kept his back towards the lonely cot in the corner. The prisoner was very different from all the other witnesses and he presented a fearsome problem of his own. As yet the Tiddington man had not made up his mind about him at all. It is one thing to kill casually in the expression of one's natural brutality, but quite another to murder coldly for practical reasons. A thousand country-bred forebears in his blood advised Tiddy Doll most earnestly against that.

TIDDY DOLL had set himself to finish his boot-burning by four o'clock, and he achieved it almost to the minute. He threw the last piece of leather into the stove and closed the door. The iron horseshoes from the boot heels went to join the studs and nails in his pocket, to be scattered in the street at the earliest convenient opportunity. He glanced down at his feet with satisfaction. They were lightly shod now in a pair of cracked leather pumps which he kept for his leisure hours. He reckoned he was safe, Tiddy did.

At ten minutes after four he began to worry. He did not betray it save by a single longing glance towards the barren ladderway, and the savagery of the way he swore at the man who played the cymbals when he began to whine that he was hungry. But half an hour later Tiddy Doll was beginning to sweat, and as though his alarm had had sound the men by the wall heard it and grew restive, and the complaints became bolder.

By a few minutes before five the emotional atmosphere in the cellar had become electric.

"He's gorn. You won't see him no more. Roly's scarpered and left you, Tiddy." Bill, the effeminate to whom fear was an excitant, spoke with glee from the shadows where he was invisible, but his bed creaked as he bounded up and down on it. "He'll try King's Evidence, you'll see."

HIS neck muscles swelling, Doll turned on the man, but he had himself in hand, and did not miss the slight sound in the passage above.

"There," he said, his voice hearty with relief, "there, what did I tell yer? Here he is. Here's Roly. What 'appened to you, mate? Got lost?"

The newcomer did not reply immediately. He was descending the stairs very steadily. He had a large grease-soaked newspaper parcel in his arms.

"I got something to show you, Tiddy," he said. "I got something 'ere."

The announcement was made in an undertone and his sharp-featured face was eager with tremendous news. Doll hesitated. The temptation was great, but once he relaxed he knew he lost his hold.

"Save it," he commanded and maintained his superiority. "Give us the grub first. I've got a pair of moaners 'ere." He took the parcel and set it on the table beside a pile of clean greaseproof paper.

"Now then," he nodded towards the wall, "you two what's rumbling, come and get your supper. It's a few hours late, but you've got it now."

But he had underestimated the story. While he was superintending the division of the warm fish, armour-plated in dry fried batter, Roly slid over to Bill. An incautious word flared aloud between them and immediately a flame of interest caught the whole flimsy structure of the company. The half-clad men scrambled over one another to hear. The knot formed again, the whispers gave place to shouts, the hideous quaver of hysteria trembled through the noise, and the mischief was done.

Tiddy Doll reached the centre of the group a second too late. The headlines in the morning paper were too large for even the slowest to miss.

KILLER ROAMING
LONDON FOG
FAMOUS DOCTOR STRANGLED
THREE DEAD IN OFFICE
Police Cordon Thwarted as Convict Patient Escapes

As the Tiddington man stared at the announcement his face grew swollen and fiery under its translucent skin. Having identified himself with the first statement, the

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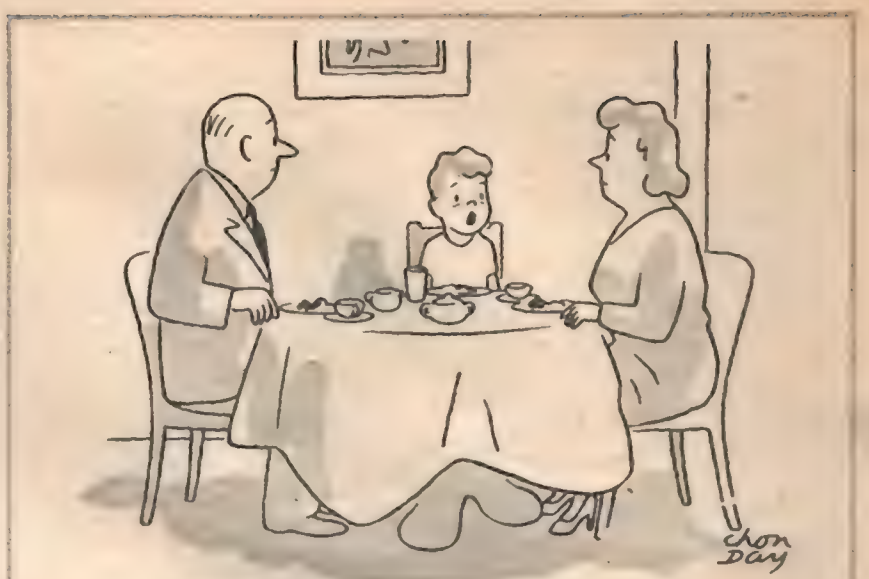

"I've chewed that mouthful of carrots ten times. Now what am I supposed to do with them?"

remainder appeared to him to be a fantastic lie. He snatched the paper and strode out under the light with it, using his elbows freely as the others dragged about him.

Tiddy Doll read each word with equal emphasis, moving his head with the type. "'At a late hour last night the picked men of London's crack Criminal Investigation Department had to confess that an escaped convict, who is possibly one of the most dangerous criminals this country has ever known, was still ranging the fog-bound streets of the city, possibly with a still crimson knife in his hand. Meanwhile, in a solicitor's office in the western area, three innocent people, one of them a detective officer, lay murdered, each, so say experts, butchered with professional skill with an identical weapon. Earlier in the evening, on the other side of the metropolis, in famous Guy's Hospital, the well loved savant whom men called The Kind Healer, fought gallantly for life. . . .'"

"Knifed?" Tiddy bellowed suddenly. "'Oo said Duds was knifed?"

"No, Tiddy. Look down 'ere. See the pictures."

It was Bill who flipped the sheet from him with fingers delicate as a woman's and dirty as a monkey's, and turned it down to show the reproduction of two photographs from the police files. Hard lighting and coarse printing had done their worst with them and the result was wooden and meaningless to any but the initiated.

If you see this man, dial 999 and —take cover, ran the legend above the panel, and underneath in smaller type, *This is the man the police are seeking, Jack Havoc, aged thirty-three.*

Tiddy Doll remained rigid and Roly began to chatter in his excitement. "Tiddy don't know 'im. 'E ain't never seen 'im. That's 'im, Tiddy! 'E's changed 'is name like we said 'e would, but that's 'im, that's the Gaffer."

The albino stirred with an effort. "What? That is? That there?"

"Yus. The Gaffer. 'E's changed 'is name."

Tiddy Doll raised a face which wore no expression. "The Gaffer!" he said.

"That's right." Roly shook the paper as if he could scatter the words out of it into the other man's mind. "'E's bin inside, in prison, like Duds told us, but 'e's got out and 'e's done in the M.O. All the dicks in London are after 'im, but they ain't got 'im. That's 'im all right."

The news sank in very slowly but it got home at last, and the revelation had the paradoxical effect of raising the morale of the whole party while it also dispirited it a little. From his shrouded corner, Geoffrey could see the change in the very silhouettes which pressed round the three who were doing most of the talking. Roly reached the heart of the matter with his next remark.

"There's only a couple o' lines about Duds and them's on the back. They don't care about Duds no more. They've got the Gaffer to think about. The streets are full of flatties but they ain't looking for us. The cop was outside the door here when I came by. He gave me goodnight same as usual. We're almost in the clear. No one's thinking of us."

"Three others have been slit up," said Bill, who read more easily than the rest when he could keep sufficiently still to do so. "They're on the front page here. Perhaps the dicks think the Gaffer done Duds as well."

TIDDY DOLL raised his chin sharply. "And perhaps they're right," he said loudly. He had collected himself and his forceful personality came into action once more. "So the Gaffer's bin in jail all the time." There was real bitterness in the observation, regret for a lost illusion. "He didn't get no treasure."

"How d'you know? How do you know, Tiddy?" Roly was on the defensive. "That's a thing I'd never be too sure of."

"No, he didn't get it." Bill was thoughtful. "It says here he done six years of a maximum sentence for robbery with violence. That means he must have got shopped when we thought he deserted, and that was before the major got his packet and Tom went queer."

They were digesting this information when the albino took a decision. "I say that ain't the Gaffer at all," he declared, laying a thick finger on the photographs. "There's no one but a fool would say that was a picture of a man 'e knew. It might be a photo of you, Roly. It ain't 'is name underneath. I reckon it's not he."

Bill laughed aloud. "I'd know it was the Gaffer by what he's done, without the picture." The admiration in the words struck a jarring

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated March 8, and in JOHN BULL, dated March 15), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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On The Royal Tour
For The Sake Of Peace
Britain's Getting Tough, So
Shadow Of Suspicion
Rough Voyage
Exploring Every Avenue
All Eyes
Absent
On The Scrap-heap
Inhuman Monster
Man In Charge
Broke The Silence
Juicy Scandal
In Hollywood
Baby-sitter Grandpa
Chuckling
By Rocket To Mars
Right As Rain
Panic In The Pub

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

.....Of Industry
Thirsting For .....
Handsome.....
When The Official.....
Means To.....
Made A.....Of Him

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,821 (or Xword 773), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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"Bullets" Winners 1,816

FIRST PRIZE, £800 plus Three Wishes: Mrs. M. A. Jackson, 22 George Street, Swindon: HOPE FOR THE GOLDEN DAWN, "THROUGH LONG HOURS"!

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£25: P. Gee, "Kenmore," Ladythorn Road, Bramhall: AT THE CINEMA — "ESCAPE"? *I Proposed* THERE!

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For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 773

1. Many people hate the sight of them
5. One between you and your neighbour may well be a source of trouble
7. Doesn't always rock when it should
10. Good motorist will usually avoid
11. If sonny gets into grave trouble he's likely to go to
13. They can only stand up to so much pressure; after that, something gives way
14. Many a wife has been dragged down by
15. Wherever there's widespread poverty, it means many people are

Down Clues

2. Bad weather often detracts from the enjoyment of
3. Players in an orchestra can't get along properly without these
4. The bold, adventurous type of man is not often found wanting in this
6. It is relatively easy to sound one
8. Seventy-five can definitely be said to be thin
9. A great many youngsters think of music as one
12. In some minds, still has associations with cruelty and brutality

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XWORD 768 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Pine. 2, Saws. 5, Hair. 6, Aided. 8, Spout. 11, Wow. 13, Horse. 14, Gale. DOWN: 1, Pans. 3, Wages. 4, Goat. 7, Dank. 9, Togs. 10, Hush. 12, Lore.

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£100 and 5 lb. FOWL Prizes for this XWORD

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	S	E	A		5	E	D	G	E
						A	L	A	S
	6B	B	C			T		S	T
			7H	8O		S	E		
9B	Y						10J	A	
		11	A	D		12		R	
N	O		W		13	A	N	K	S
14D	R		N	K		I	E		A
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CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated March 1.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

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B. .....

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At that moment there was a diversion. The prisoner was the first to notice the phenomenon.

From where Geoffrey lay he could see the whole dark arch of the roof, and the grating grimy and festooned with cobwebs. Now something was happening to the grating. The irons, lying snugly in a greasy bed of mud in their stone sockets, had been lifted quietly, and through the dark square a pair of legs had appeared. They were elegant legs in well pressed trousers. Suède shoes and bright socks accompanied them, and above there was the suggestion of tweed, thick, buff, expensive.

Directly under the grating, which projected into the alley above, there was a ledge or alcove in the cellar wall. It was thick with the droppings of years, but it provided just enough space for a man to crouch, with the cellar below and in front of him.

Suddenly it was full of colour and smooth movement, and a shower of dust and rubbish floated silently down the white wall.

Everyone in the group round the paper became aware of the intrusion at the same instant. There was a moment of silence, a stunned and timeless pause during which the circle of upturned faces froze into grotesque masks, ludicrous in their astonishment. Then the iron dropped back into place, with a slight thud, and a man unfolded himself before them. He hung by an arm from the beam in front of the ledge, his feet in their excellent shoes swinging limply two or three yards from the ground. The light fell on him squarely. It found his gay scarf, and the gap of good shirt between his waistcoat and trousers top where his stomach was arched to take his weight, and every man in the cellar saw the tragic face, the forehead on which the coarse hair grew low, and the steady eyes regarding them so boldly as he looked round for men he knew. Then he dropped lightly to the ground and a smile split a wide thin-lipped cat's mouth in which the teeth were regular and beautiful.

"Dad's back," he said and his voice was smooth and careful. Only the shadow flitting like a frown across his forehead, and his pallor, which was paperlike, betrayed his weariness. His spirit danced behind his shallow eyes, mocking everything.

To be continued next week

note in the ears of his new leader, and Doll grew scarlet again.

"I say that's not he," he repeated fiercely. "I say the Gaffer has picked up the treasure and he's living on it like a lord, and one day we'll come across 'im. As it is, there's this other chap in the paper 'oo must have done poor old Duds in after we left 'im, so the best we can do is to go on like we always 'ave done, taking our money and keeping our eyes open."

As he finished, the snag in this happy programme occurred to him and he glanced over his shoulder towards the bundle on the bed in the corner. The next idea came to him grudgingly. He did not like it. It frightened him. But it came into his mind and he hinted at it under his breath.

"There's no telling what a bloke like this 'ere bloke in the papers might do still," he said.

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 22 is of Dame Sybil Thorndike when a child.

MY RUSSIAN WIFE'S HEARTBREAKING LETTERS

Continued from page 10

would like to keep the picture when I come to you. My father spoiled our pleasure. He said: 'Erena will not be able to go to England.' I held my tongue because I knew that if I tried to say anything I would cry. But my mother asked my father what he meant, and he said we would hear all about it soon. I know it is wrong, but I hate him for this sort of thing.

"The food situation is not very good. In the mornings I have a cup of strong tea and some black bread. . . . At two o'clock I have a plate of soup and potatoes, and in the evening I have something left from dinner or tea. It is miserable to live like this.

"P.S. I know nothing about Tamara, but I had a dream in which she came to me. She was blind. Oh, darling, that awful fear is in my mind all the time, especially at night. Advise me what to do!"

What advice could I give her, except to keep the courage I knew she had, to wait patiently?

November 12, 1946.—"I don't suppose you have forgotten that the seventh of this month was the anniversary of our Revolution. It was also my brother's birthday. Everybody was gay. My feelings were mixed when I recalled how you liked to see people marching through the streets on this day."

November 19, 1946.—"I have received a circular from the Embassy which says that you can write to me once a week only, and parcels are not allowed at all. Don't let it upset you, you worry enough about me.

"The weather is cold. You would like to be in Izmailovo this weather, to walk in the snow and feel the cold that bites your nose and ears. I would like to go skating, but Ura sold my skates. Last year I wanted to show you how well I skated, but you were not able to see me. Well, I shall show you in England."

"Remember, Be Careful"

November 15, 1946.—"Two years since we met outside the Bolshoi Theatre. Do you remember our first evening together? I remember every word you said. Darling, I wish you luck when you go to the Soviet Embassy. Remember, be careful so that nothing may harm me."

I was careful when I went to the Soviet Embassy. I was careful and I was polite. I was to be less polite to them five years later. But on that day I believed that what I had to say would help Erena. They were polite to me, too, and when I came out, nothing had changed.

December 6, 1946.—"My father upsets me by saying that I am being watched and probably I shall be arrested. I cannot sleep well because of such things, and sometimes I don't speak to my father at all."

December 14, 1946.—"A B.B.C. broadcast to the Russians said that the British Ambassador had asked the Soviet authorities why so few British wives had received visas, and what was the reason for the delay in others. So, darling, things are a little more cheerful now. Maybe something will be decided soon. I hope for the spring. Look forward to the spring and do not lose heart."

The Ambassador asked his questions and nothing was changed. We waited for our wives and we looked forward to the spring.

NEXT WEEK: "They are trying to make me divorce you, but I will never give in"

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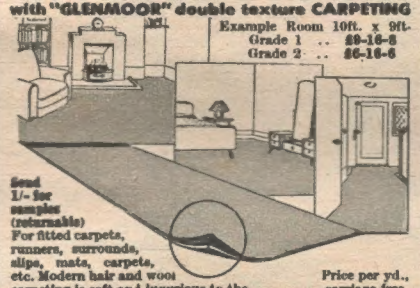

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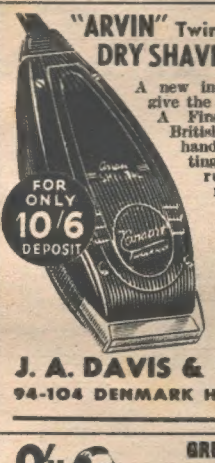

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